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GRILLPARZER AS A POET OF  
NATURE







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GRILLPARZER AS A POET OF  
NATURE

BY  
FAUST CHARLES DE WALSH

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR  
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY, IN THE FACULTY  
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## NOTE

Mr. De Walsh's careful study of a neglected phase of Grillparzer's poetic *Eigenart* seems to me a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the great Austrian dramatist.

CALVIN THOMAS.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,  
June, 1910.



TO  
HIS EXCELLENCY  
CARL TRAUGOTT KREYER, PH.D., LL.D.  
Counsellor to the Imperial Chinese Embassy, Rome, Italy  
WITH THE AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE OF  
THE AUTHOR



## PREFACE

The present study grew out of a paper written for the Germanic Seminar in Columbia University conducted by Professor Calvin Thomas. I feel greatly indebted to this scholar for his invaluable assistance and encouragement, and it affords me pleasure to have the opportunity of thanking Professor Thomas in this place for his much appreciated guidance and help.

I also wish to express my sincere gratitude to Professors William H. Carpenter, Hervey, Tombo and Remy for their contribution to my training as a student of Germanic languages and literatures.

The service of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, A.M., who read the proof, is gratefully acknowledged.

F. C. D.

NEW YORK CITY,  
June, 1910.







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## INTRODUCTION

### GRILLPARZER'S SENSITIVENESS TO ASPECTS OF NATURE

When, on November 10, 1859, the University of Leipzig conferred upon Franz Grillparzer the degree of doctor of philosophy, Professor Heinrich Wuttke, the speaker upon this solemn occasion, the centenary of Schiller's birth, expressed the hope, referring to Grillparzer, that "posterity would be more just to him than his contemporaries had been." Wuttke's sympathetic wish, which has reference to the inadequate recognition of Grillparzer's dramatic genius, has since been abundantly fulfilled. Grillparzer's fame as a dramatist is now firmly established, and the ever-increasing Grillparzer-literature now forms a fair-sized library. A Grillparzer Jahrbuch, begun in 1890, is already a veritable encyclopedia of information concerning the poet and his works; and the Grillparzer bibliography in Vol. VIII of Goedeke's *Grundriss* fills 143 closely printed octavo pages.

In all this mass of literature, however, there is very little relating to Grillparzer's poetry of nature, although his plays fairly teem with passages that are interesting to the student of that subject. I find only one brief article of seven pages, published by Adolf Foglar in 1897,<sup>1</sup> which deals with Grillparzer's relation to nature, but it contains only little information and represents a mere suggestion without leading to any definite conclusion. Foglar quotes a number of passages from Grillparzer's diaries (*Reise nach Italien; Orientreise; Reise durch Deutschland,*) in which the poet recorded his impressions of nature, and then he goes on to show that Grillparzer's description of nature is at its best when his intense patriotism blends with his poetry. For this purpose, Foglar quotes from *Ottokar*, and this is the only reference made to Grillparzer's plays. The subsequent pages of the

<sup>1</sup> *Literarisches Jahrbuch des deutschen Schulvereins*, 1897, pp. 84-91.

article make brief mention of a few of Grillparzer's lyric poems, and, in conclusion, the author emphasizes the influence exerted by nature upon the poet's musical ear.

The general neglect of Grillparzer as a poet of nature is, after all, not very surprising, since that is not the important aspect of his work. He is one of the foremost dramatists in German literature, and this fact accounts for the small importance of his lyric verse, in which we should naturally look for his message, if he had one, as a poet of nature. With the great lyrists of his own epoch—Eichendorff, Heine, Uhland—Grillparzer had little in common. "Die starke Quelle seiner Dramatik," says R. M. Meyer,<sup>2</sup> "überschwemmte die Beete der Lyrik. War *ein* Mann zum Dramatiker geboren, so war es Franz Grillparzer."

If I have undertaken in this study, notwithstanding what has been said, to treat minutely and elaborately of Grillparzer as a poet of nature, it is not because I desire to claim a place for him as a great poet of nature, or to show that he had any peculiar or highly important message to deliver, but because I wish to throw light on Grillparzer's *Eigenart* as a poetic dramatist. Individual traits of great poets are of considerable importance for the understanding of the man as well as of the artist, and it is necessary to have as clear a conception as possible of the various characteristic influences which are at work in the development of genius. It is for this reason that I regard my work, which deals, as has been admitted, with a minor phase of Grillparzer's art, as a contribution to the general characterization of the great dramatist and of the man.

As a matter of fact, Grillparzer was throughout his long life very sensitive to out-of-door impressions, and the total reaction of nature upon him colors his dramatic work to a greater extent than has been supposed. Also his diaries and letters contain frequent references to such personal impressions. For present purposes I quote three passages from the poet's diaries and one from his letters, which show that Grillparzer was keenly alive to the wonders of nature; that he

<sup>2</sup> *Die deutsche Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Berlin, 1900. Vol. I, p. 84.



ascribed to nature an important influence upon his soul-life and upon his imagination; that he liked to commune with nature; and, finally, that his sensitiveness to aspects of nature stayed with him to the end of his days. In 1808, Grillparzer writes:<sup>3</sup>

Nothing is more capable of arousing love, or (according to circumstances) sexual passion within me, than a beautiful evening in the open air, especially when the moon shines. On a fair morning I feel quite different: I am inspired and lifted above all passion. I do not believe that I could see the sun rise, on some fair morning, while my heart is harboring vindictive or voluptuous thoughts.

In 1809, he describes the influence of nature upon his imagination thus:<sup>4</sup>

There is a peculiar charm for me in the observation of the clouds, when I take a walk in the evening. My imagination endows them with the weirdest shapes, and if these have no definite significance, I imagine at least the blue sky as the ocean, and the masses of clouds, scattered hither and thither, as islands. There I build huts; there I dwell with my sweetheart, and so on.

The influence of nature upon his imagination was as strong in 1852<sup>5</sup> as in 1809:

A strange thing happened to me to-day: I walked about, dreaming. I had risen early and taken water from the chalybeate spring, then a bath, and another glass of water, and now I was walking in the park. Suddenly, I came to a part of the park where I had never yet set foot. It was so beautiful, and the groups of trees were so charming, that I could not understand how this part had escaped my attention to this day. Unfortunately, there were no benches, while every place was an invitation to sit down.

Only a few years before his death, Grillparzer wrote Katharina Fröhlich from Teplitz, June 17, 1865:<sup>6</sup>

Only the park with its magnificent trees and fairly green lawns (the comfortable benches should not be forgotten), has entirely charmed me. Here I have been sitting for hours, in spite of very cold weather, with a book, and with wide-open eyes, as is my habit.

<sup>3</sup> *Briefe und Tagebücher*, II, p. 5.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, II, p. 21.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 136.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, I, p. 259.

Numerous passages in the *Tagebücher*, some of which will be discussed later, indicate that, as traveler, Grillparzer was keenly alive to natural beauty. It may be, as Foglar says, that he "never traveled for pleasure's sake, or only to see a beautiful country," but certain it is that he was never indifferent to the beauty that came in his way. A dull landscape gave him a sense of oppression. Hence he could say, regarding his trip to Germany in 1826:<sup>7</sup> "If I were to follow my innermost inclinations, I should return at once, and journey home again. Nature, in these regions, is not sufficiently attractive, and the people make me uncomfortable."

Interesting conclusions regarding Grillparzer's personal sensitiveness to aspects of nature may be drawn from many passages, in prose and verse, which deal with the reaction of nature on the human soul. Two points come into consideration here: the transitory effect of nature reflected in *Stimmung*, and the permanent effect of natural environment reflected in the character of man. In May, 1836, Grillparzer stood in admiration amidst the attractions of the park of Versailles, and with a vivid recollection of what he had seen, he wrote in his diary, the same evening:<sup>8</sup> "What a park! In all my life I have seen nothing more beautiful. Shall I here admire nature or art? The sun shone warm, the trodden grass filled the air with fragrance, and the heavens were evidently of a deeper blue than in our country. *I smote my breast. I was like a child. Everything so beautiful, so fair.*" We should not be misled here by the question: "Shall I admire nature or art?" It is true that the poet was deeply impressed with the beauty of the two trianons. He calls them the "pearls of the park," but he turns back to nature immediately, and his thirsty soul drinks in the splendor of sun, sky, and flowers. His mood changes. The beauty of nature takes him back to the happiest stage of life—childhood. There is innocence and naïve ecstasy in the words: "I smote my breast. I was like a child."

But nature's message was not always joyful. When he took leave of the sea, at Terracina, in June, 1819, a melancholy

<sup>7</sup> The Roman numbers in the footnotes refer to the Cotta edition in XX vols. XX, p. 27.

<sup>8</sup> XX, p. 94.



sensation seized upon him. It seemed as if the sea were aware of the esteem in which he held it, and so it cunningly donned its fairest appearance:<sup>9</sup> "In Terracina I enjoyed, for the last time on this journey, the sight of the sea. It had arrayed itself most beautifully, and lay there in the splendor of heavenly blue, with the intention, perhaps, to oppress my heart. Sadly, I took leave of the poetic element which combines, in such magic manner, formidableness and sweetness of disposition."

The beneficent relief brought by a thunder-shower is beautifully expressed by Drahomira:<sup>10</sup>

Es fühlt das Aug', es fühlt der Busen sich erweitert  
Und giebt sich hin dem Andrang der Natur,  
Und aller Sinne leicht erregter Chor,  
Gleich schwer Belagerten, die kurz zuvor  
Der Feinde Drang mit Furcht und Graus umfängen,  
Sie öffnen jauchzend jedes Thor,  
Den siegenden Befreier zu empfangen.

References to the influence of natural environment upon the formation of character are not infrequent. When Jason believes Medea to be inaccessible, his heart is filled with hatred for Kolchis:<sup>11</sup>

Sein rauher Hauch  
Vertrocknete die schönste Himmelsblume,  
Die je im Garten blühte der Natur;

and Kreon, to whom the inflexible character of Medea and Gora is incomprehensible, blames Kolchis also, when he calls both women<sup>12</sup>

Das Bild des dunkeln Landes, das sie zeugte.

When Primislaus confides to Libussa his plan to found a city, she fears that the walls of this city, separating man from nature, will have an ill effect upon the character of man. Primislaus admits that communion with nature is necessary for the human heart:<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup> XIX, p. 241.

<sup>11</sup> V, p. 93.

<sup>13</sup> VIII, p. 202.

<sup>10</sup> XI, p. 116.

<sup>12</sup> V, p. 183.

Gemeinschaft mit den wandellosen Dingen,  
 Sie ladet ein zum Fühlen und Geniessen.  
 Man geht nicht rückwärts, lebt man mit dem All;

but his progressive ambition is not satisfied with this alone;  
 he insists upon carrying out his project, because:<sup>14</sup>

Doch vorwärts schreiten, denken, schaffen, wirken  
 Gewinnt nach innen Raum, wenn eng der äussre.

While Primislaus is right from his point of view, Libussa's words of warning contain, perhaps, a good deal of the personal inclination of the poet himself who, a child of the city, was strongly drawn to idyllic country-life. At the same time, we feel the presence of the shadow of Rousseau in this contrast between civilization and nature.

The sympathetic character of Melitta is also, to a considerable extent at least, the result of early natural environment. Her sunny disposition, her cheerfulness, her tender heart, her lack of selfishness, and her virginal purity, are traceable back to the country which she called home, before Sappho purchased her from some slave-trader. Time has cast a veil over Melitta's memory, but this veil is not so thick as to obscure entirely the maiden's recollection: the name of her native country has escaped her mind, but its natural surroundings have left such a deep impression in her soul, that she is able to speak of them to Phaon:<sup>15</sup>

Nur seine *Blumen*, seine *Thäler* hat  
 Behalten das Gedächtnis, nicht den Namen.  
 Nur glaub' ich, lag es, *wo die Sonne herkömmt*,  
 Denn dort war alles gar so licht und hell.

Not only individual but national character is attributed by Grillparzer to natural environment, and it appears that his comprehension of national character is greatly assisted by his study of local nature. On his way to Greece, he passed through the fertile country of the Hungarians, and the wealth of nature, with which he was here confronted, explained to him a part of Hungarian national character which he was hitherto unable to understand. In his diary one finds the

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup> IV, p. 162.



following significant words:<sup>16</sup> "One understands the high aspirations of the Hungarians, upon seeing their country. I am somewhat reconciled with their superlatives. The sun goes down, and sets water and air on fire. The young moon comes into prominence. . . . An indescribable charm lay over the country."

All biographers of Grillparzer trace the poet's musical talent, as well as his inclination toward melancholy, back to his mother, while his keen intellectual power is generally regarded as his paternal heritage. So far as Grillparzer's love for nature may be attributed to pre-natal influence, it appears that both parents transmitted an equal share to their offspring. In his Autobiography, Grillparzer describes his father as follows:<sup>17</sup> "His outward manner appeared somewhat cold and harsh; he avoided all company, *but he was a passionate friend of nature*. To work, at first in his own, later in a rented garden, and to grow flowers of all kinds, constituted almost his only source of pleasure."

So far as Grillparzer's fine interpretation of the musical element in nature is concerned, attention need here be called only to the fact that he is, just as for his musical gift, indebted to his mother also for this phase of his nature-poetry.

Enough has been said, I think, to show in a general way that the man Grillparzer was a lover of nature. He was both observant and impressionable; and the suggestions that he caught entered into and colored the texture of his plays. To show in some detail the nature of these manifold reactions of the outer world upon his mind and art, is the purpose of this study. First, however, by way of orientation, let us make a cursory survey of the earlier history of the poetry of nature.

<sup>16</sup> XX, p. 152.

<sup>17</sup> XIX, p. 11.





# I

## GENERAL ORIENTATION

The nature-feeling of the modern man, whether poet or not, is to a large extent the product of his reading. We have come to look upon nature with the eyes of our poets, without whose works the outer world would not react on us as it does. It is obvious, then, that our feeling for nature is largely a matter of literary tradition. If, therefore, we set out to study the *Eigenart* of a particular poet, we need to know the tradition which he inherited, in order to do him justice, and in order to avoid the danger of thinking him new, original, or peculiar, when in reality he only voices sentiments which have often before been expressed by others. It is the purpose of the present orientation to classify and illustrate the principal reactions in the history of nature-poetry, and thus to establish, from the outset, those traditions from which Grillparzer drew in his own attempt to describe and interpret the external world. The treatment of this subject must necessarily be cursory, and it is done, without much claim to originality, mainly on the basis of Biese's thorough work,<sup>1</sup> while, for individual poets or epochs, Batt,<sup>2</sup> Geo. Brandes,<sup>3</sup> Butcher,<sup>4</sup> Danton,<sup>5</sup> Diez,<sup>6</sup> Fairclough,<sup>7</sup> De Laprade,<sup>8</sup> Motz,<sup>9</sup> Reynolds,<sup>10</sup> Rundström,<sup>11</sup> Schmidt,<sup>12</sup> and Shairp<sup>13</sup> have been consulted.

<sup>1</sup> Biese, A., *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Griechen*, Kiel, 1882, and *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit*, Leipzig, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> Batt, Max, *The Treatment of Nature in German Literature from Günther to the Appearance of Goethe's Werther*, Chicago, 1902.

<sup>3</sup> *Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, 6 vols., Leipzig, 1897.

<sup>4</sup> Butcher, S. H., *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, London, 1904.

<sup>5</sup> Danton, G. H., *The Nature Sense in the Writings of Ludwig Tieck*, New York, 1907.

<sup>6</sup> Diez, Friedr., *Die Poesie der Troubadours*, Zwickau, 1826.

<sup>7</sup> Fairclough, H. R., *The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians toward Nature*, Toronto, 1897.

<sup>8</sup> De Laprade, V., *Le sentiment de la nature chez les modernes*, Paris, 1870.

<sup>9</sup> Motz, H., *Über die Empfindung der Naturschönheit bei den Alten*, Leipzig, 1865.

<sup>10</sup> Reynolds, Myra, *The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry between Pope and Wordsworth*, Chicago, 1896.

<sup>11</sup> Rundström, Erich, *Das Naturgefühl J. J. Rousseaus*, Königsberg, 1907.

<sup>12</sup> Schmidt, Erich, *Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe*, Jena, 1875.

<sup>13</sup> Shairp, J. C., *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, New York, 1877.

If poetry in general is the lofty expression of individual soul-life, nature-poetry in particular reflects the attitude of an entire epoch toward visible phenomena. These various epochs in the history of nature-poetry are characterized by individual reactions which, however, as Biese points out,<sup>14</sup> do not lead to any diametrical contrast between ancient and modern nature-sense, but show only gradual differences.

It might seem, perhaps, as if the possible reactions of the human soul upon the external world were too numerous, too elusive, and too much intermixed, to permit of any classification whatever. And from the point of view of exact science this may be true. If, however, we are content to use the word nature somewhat loosely, in its usual literary sense, and to consider only those reactions which have played a somewhat important rôle in poetry, then the problem does not seem so hopeless. The reactions fall under a comparatively few heads or types, which it is possible to discriminate, not indeed with ideal scientific accuracy, but well enough to serve a useful purpose in literary discussion. The principal varieties appear to be as follows:

I. THE PRIMITIVE OR ANIMAL REACTION, which expresses the pleasure or displeasure that we feel—with children, savages and the lower animals—according as nature is physically agreeable or disagreeable, useful or harmful. The warm sun is appreciated, if the weather is cold; the cool shade, if it is hot; the refreshing spring is sought; the luscious fruit joyfully gathered; and the fertile fields viewed with happy feelings; while, on the other hand, storm, thunder, lightning, volcanic eruptions, etc., inspire fear as well as awe. This is the attitude of Homer toward nature. At his time, the influence of mythological concepts and ideals was of extreme importance, so that it is not surprising to find that it enters largely into his portraiture of nature. Since the gods were uppermost in public interest, an independent and subjective nature-poetry could hardly take root. This, however, does not mean that Homer's epics show no true appreciation of nature's beauties;

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 129.



on the contrary, the theory expounded by Gervinus,<sup>15</sup> Otfried Müller,<sup>16</sup> Becker,<sup>17</sup> and even Schiller<sup>18</sup> (to the effect that Greek nature-sense, if it existed at all, was of a very inferior order), has been completely overthrown by Biese, who points out that there is an abundance of passages in Homer which establish the fact that the poet was keenly alive to nature's aspects. While this Homeric appreciation of nature appears naïve and simple, it is genuine and free from affectation. It is difficult to choose from the numerous passages which bear evidence of Homer's feeling for nature. However, the passage which is quoted below is a fair illustration of the naïve expression of awe and terror which the raging elements, mythologically personified, inspired in the heart of primitive man:<sup>19</sup>

ὥς εἰπὼν σύναγεν νεφέλας, ἑτάραξε δὲ πόντον  
 χερσὶ τρίαῖναν ἑλών · πάσας δ' ὀρόθηνεν ἀέλλας  
 παντοίων ἀνέμων, σὺν δὲ νεφέεσσι κάλυψεν  
 γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ πόντον · ὀρώρει δ' οὐρανόθεν νύξ.  
 σὺν δ' Εὐρώς τε Νότος τ' ἔπεσον Ζέφυρός τε δυσαῖς  
 καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενέτης μέγα κῆμα κυλίνδων.

2. THE DEVOUT REACTION, which reveals a feeling of admiration or awe in the presence of nature conceived as the handiwork of a personal God. Such is, in the main, the character of Hebrew nature-poetry, all of which reflects the monotheistic idea. For the Hebrew, nature is not an end per se, but only a means to an end, the end being Jehovah. Thus the psalmist:<sup>20</sup>

When I consider *Thy* heavens, the work of *Thy* fingers, the moon and the stars, which *Thou* hast ordained; What is man, that *Thou* art mindful of him? . . .

It cannot be said that the ancient Hebrew was unappreciative of the beauty of nature, or that rigid asceticism smothered within his heart the typically human *joie de vivre*: he loved

<sup>15</sup> *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte*, Vol. I, p. 113.

<sup>16</sup> *Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst*, p. 468.

<sup>17</sup> *Charikles*, I, p. 219.

<sup>18</sup> *Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung*, ed. Cotta, XII, p. 187.

<sup>19</sup> *Odyssey*, V, 291-296.

<sup>20</sup> *Psalm VIII*, 3, 4.

to gaze at the stars, and to watch the birds; the grandeur of the sea inspired him with awe, and the bright sunshine filled him with delight. However, he forgot at no time to associate with his realistic enjoyment the ideal which, in his opinion, is the source of it all. Whether we may speak of an actual appreciation and enjoyment of nature under such circumstances, is perhaps doubtful, for it is difficult to imagine that an individual who is constantly endeavoring to locate the source of a pleasure feels as keen an enjoyment as he whose entire nervous sensitiveness is thrilled with the actual realisation of a pleasurable experience, and who has, consequently, no thought of the cause of his sensation.

It is interesting to observe that it is not only nature's bounty which suggests to the Hebrew the thought of God, but that the same suggestion comes to him as he drags his tired body over the hot sands of the desert, and as he is near death from want of water. Even under such circumstances, when cursing and disbelieving would be quite intelligible from a human point of view, the weak body is subdued by the mind concentrated upon God. So in Psalm LXVII, where David sings:

O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee: my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; . . .

An appreciation of nature apart from Jehovah and his worship is therefore not to be expected from this people whose characteristic attitude the psalmist sums up as follows:<sup>21</sup>

Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let Thy glory be above all the earth.

3. THE EROTIC REACTION, that is, the effect produced by the spring-time (nature's pairing-time), with its flowers, birds and sunshine, with its suggestion of sexual love and of erotic images. This reaction is reflected in the nature-poetry of the troubadours and minnesingers, a nature-poetry where nature is the means and love the end. Bernart de Ventadorn, for example, tells us that his love for his sweetheart is never so deep as in spring; he takes a naïve delight in the natural beauty

<sup>21</sup> Psalm LXVIII.



which surrounds him, but he does not describe this beauty at length. Using a few terms, such as grass, foliage, blossoms, and nightingale, he hastens on as it were to his subject proper, viz., love. The lines quoted below form the beginning of the poem, and the inference lies near that nature was looked upon as the most fitting background for love and as a good introduction to the subject.

Quant l'erba fresqu' e.l fuelha par  
E la flors botona el verian,  
E.l rossinhols autet e clar  
Leva sa votz e mou son chan,  
Joy ai de luy e ioy ai de la flor  
E ioy de me e de mi dous maior;<sup>22</sup>

The poet is ready to express his appreciation of nature, but nature cannot inspire him as much as love; love stands higher in his esteem than nature, and nature as such is not his theme, as the following lines naïvely admit:

Dans totas partz suy de ioy claus e sens,  
Mas sel (*i. e.*, love) es ioy que totz autres ioyes vens.<sup>23</sup>

What Diez says<sup>24</sup> about the nature-poetry of the troubadours, is equally true of the minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide not excepted. The greatest lyric poet of the Middle Ages deliberately turns his back on nature and worships at the shrine of woman. So in his well-known spring-song:

Wir lâzen alle bluomen stân und kapfen an das werde wip.

It is true that, in this poem, Walther expresses Bernart's thought in more poetic language, but the fundamental idea remains the same: woman is looked upon as the ideal, and nature is subordinated. This is, therefore, not a description of nature for nature's sake.

#### 4. THE SPIRITISTIC REACTION, showing how nature was con-

<sup>22</sup> Appel, *Provençalische Chrestomathie*, Leipzig, 1902, p. 58.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> Diez, F., *Die Poesie der Troubadours*, Zwickau, 1826, p. 123: "The green of the meadows and trees, the scent of flowers, the radiance of the sun, the song of the birds, form the sole material for the description of nature, and not once has this material been used for painting a small, clear picture, but all appears in confusion and is, in reality, barely mentioned."

ceived as a source of mysterious oracles, voices, messages (the echo, the wind, the murmuring stream, etc.), which speak to man with a more or less definite meaning and show interest in his affairs. This reaction is largely represented by the nature-poetry of the Renaissance. What the troubadours and minnesingers were unable to accomplish on account of their lack of critical consciousness, that was now made possible through the resurrection of ancient ideals. The appreciation of nature's sympathetic message and appeals to her for assistance are not new: the three classical dramatists of antiquity—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides—eloquently express their consciousness of nature's sympathetic power. In Sophocles' *Philoctetes* nature sympathetically replies through the mouth of the echo to Philoctetes, who is left alone with the wild beasts of the forest, alone with his misery and with nature. This incipient demand of sympathy and compassion brought man and nature closer together, and gave rise, at the same time, to a longing for harmonious union with nature, the prerequisite for which is solitude. Passages which express the longing for solitude are not infrequent in the works of the dramatic trio, and Euripides' melancholy language is often so strikingly modern, especially because of the sentimental element which it contains and which induces Butcher<sup>25</sup> to refer to Euripides as "the fore-runner of modern romanticism," that one is often reminded of recent poetry. It is quite natural, therefore, if on reading Creusa's words in *Ion* (line 796):

O for wings to cleave the liquid air beyond the land of Hellas,  
Away to the Western stars, so keen the anguish of my soul!

Schiller's familiar words suggest themselves:<sup>26</sup>

Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte!  
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte!

It is true that Greek nature-poetry lacked the conception of nature and God as one, and the profound mysticism of the Romantic School, but it should not be overlooked that there is keen and genuine appreciation of nature expressed through

<sup>25</sup> *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, p. 295.

<sup>26</sup> *Maria Stuart*, III, 1.



vivid description which gradually assumed a consciously subjective and strongly emotional character.

Renaissance nature-poetry appears at its best in landscape-paintings which are of a more individual and subjective type even than those of the Hellenic Age. The solitude of nature is now consciously sought and enjoyed, and there arises a sentimental and melancholy nature-poetry characterized by a fondness for ruins and graves, which has its foundation in the memory of ancient legends and of ancient history.

In the original sense of the term, Petrarch is a minnesinger, because he is preëminently a poet of love. But while Walther von der Vogelweide regards nature only as an intermediary, Petrarch forms so close an association of the concepts nature and love, that they merge into one another. In the solitude of nature he converses with his beloved Laura; in nature he seeks and finds solace when he becomes aware that there will never be any response to his love; and nature, finally, stays his suicidal hand. Even after Laura's death, Petrarch finds in nature the needed friend who mourns with him, who comforts and sustains him:<sup>27</sup>

Per alti monti e per selva aspre trovo  
Qualche riposo; ogni abitato loco  
E nemico mortal degli occhi miei.  
A ciascun passo nasce un pensier novo  
Della mia donna, che sorente in gioco  
Gira'l tormento ch'i' porto per lei.

The great nature-poet of the Renaissance is Shakespeare, whose work abundantly illustrates all the types of nature-feeling hitherto considered. So true is this, and so well-known, that quotation appears unnecessary. Indeed it would be a bold thesis to maintain that there is any type of nature-feeling known to the modern man which is not expressed, or at least adumbrated, somewhere in the works of Shakespeare.

A nature-poetry such as Shakespeare's can be compared only with most recent productions in this field, and even then it must be emphasized that but very few poets come into con-

<sup>27</sup> *Canzone*, XIII.

sideration as his competitors, perhaps only Goethe, Byron and Shelley.<sup>28</sup>

5. THE ANTI-SOCIAL OR MISANTHROPIC REACTION, showing the conception of nature as a safe refuge from man's inconstancy, from the vice and corruption of the city, from the evils of civilization, and from the cruelty and injustice of human society. As I have already observed, a phase of this feeling is found in the Greek poetry of solitude. One is also reminded of Horace and his Sabine farm, remote from the badness of the Roman *civium prava iuventium*. We often meet it also in Shakespeare, more especially perhaps in his romantic comedies. Take for example these verses from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.<sup>29</sup>

How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns ;  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

In the eighteenth century, however, the feeling comes into literature in a more intense form, expressing not so much a pure love of nature or of solitude as a passionate aversion to the works and ways of the civilized man. The herald of this new feeling—so far as it is new—was Jean Jacques Rousseau who was, to some extent at least, indebted to England. Upon his return from his idyllic sojourn at Chambéry and Les Charmettes, he studied zealously the descriptive nature-poetry of Pope, Thomson and Young, but his inborn love for nature carried him far beyond any of his predecessors. For Rousseau there was no happiness without nature: life in Paris, with all the attractions which civilization and culture could offer was loathsome to him. In the *Ermitage*, near Montmorency, to which he had fled, he felt at home, surrounded by living forms of his own imagination. Rousseau's important position in the history of nature-poetry is due to the fact that he sees in nature the primeval and universal Good which the badness of man had debased. It is true that Rousseau's standpoint is still

<sup>28</sup> Biese, p. 224.

<sup>29</sup> Act V, Sc. 4.



theistic, in so far as God is proclaimed as nature's creator, but we find here, nevertheless, the beginning of a pantheistic idealization of nature, which culminates in Goethe. Atheism is incomprehensible to Rousseau, for the very reason that all nature represents to him a grand revelation of God. Those who live amidst the wonders of nature cannot be without faith: "Je comprends comment les habitants des villes qui ne voient que des murs, des rues et des crimes, ont peu de foi; mais je ne puis comprendre comment des campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point avoir."<sup>30</sup> Rundström<sup>31</sup> well characterises the difference between Rousseau and the theists, by pointing out that Rousseau needs no demonstration of God, since he knows that God exists. Expressed in other words, this means that, to the theist, God represents an idea; to Rousseau, however, God is a fact. And this fact is always before him, always within his reach: nature reveals the god-head.

The exalted rank which Rousseau assigns to nature makes a nature-worship possible, and nature-worship presupposes intimate association with nature. Hence Rousseau's constant desire which, when granted, is the cause of "inexpressible rapture," to "s'identifier avec la nature entière."<sup>32</sup> Only in solitude is he able thoroughly to appreciate the grandeur of nature, because only when absolutely undisturbed is it possible for him to concentrate his thoughts upon so lofty a subject. Thus he flees civilization and turns to nature, and when the last obstacle between himself and God is removed, he kneels in adoration in the temple which the Lord has erected for Himself: "Je n'ai jamais aimé à prier dans la chambre; il me semble que les murs et tous ces petits ouvrages des hommes s'interposent entre Dieu et moi. J'aime à le contempler dans ses oeuvres tandis que mon coeur s'élève à lui."<sup>33</sup>

It must not be overlooked that Rousseau was a true son of his century, "whose very nature-sense does not fail to reveal the foundation of a morbid disposition which may be analyzed as *Weltschmerz*, *Weltflucht*, misanthropy, or melancholia."<sup>34</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Rousseau, ed. Hachette, IX, p. 72. <sup>31</sup> P. 56.

<sup>32</sup> Rousseau, IX, p. 376.

<sup>33</sup> Rousseau, VIII, p. 169.

<sup>34</sup> Biese, p. 358.

Rousseau changed the direction of the current of nature-poetry, but it remained for Goethe to change the current itself. This new current is

6. THE PANTHEISTIC REACTION, representing the identification of nature with the godhead. Nature is conceived as omnipresent divinity speaking to the human soul, not with separate and localized voices, but as a totality.

In the inimitable scene where Gretchen appears so sweetly and naively concerned in guiding her lover back to the path of orthodox catholicism, Faust relieves her tender anxiety by dwelling at length upon his religious feeling; and so convincing is the expression of his pantheism, so close is the adaptation of his own lofty ideas to the unconsciously narrow boundaries of Margaret's religious tolerance, that she is forced to admit: "Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch." The passage in question is so well-known that it may suffice to quote its last summarizing lines:

Erfüll' davon dein Herz, so gross es ist,  
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist,  
Nenn' es dann, wie du willst,  
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!  
Ich habe keinen Namen  
Dafür! *Gefühl ist alles;*  
Name ist Schall und Rauch,  
Umnebelnd Himmelsglut.

Special emphasis must here be placed upon the words *Gefühl ist alles*, for therein consists the very essence of the youthful Goethe's message. For Goethe life is feeling, and feeling comes through nature, so that direct communion with nature becomes a necessity for human existence. That is the reason why Goethe, as Robert Saitschick puts it,<sup>35</sup> "could grasp only that philosophy which establishes and intensifies our inborn feeling that we are one with nature; a philosophy which transforms this feeling into profound and calm contemplation, in whose perpetual syncretism and diacrisis we recognise a godly life." That is why all the works of Goethe bear the stamp of that vitality which can only spring from real life and from nature.

<sup>35</sup> *Goethes Charakter*, Stuttgart, 1898, p. 119.



As for the *Naturschwärmerei* of Werther, it has been so well analyzed by Laprade,<sup>36</sup> Erich Schmidt<sup>37</sup> and Biese,<sup>38</sup> that any further attempt in that direction appears useless. A remark may be made, however, on the difference between Werther and the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. While in Rousseau's work nature occupies a secondary position, serving the purpose of a suitable background, Goethe connects nature directly with every impulse and act of young Werther, and he drops entirely the contrast between civilization and nature which is so strongly emphasized by Rousseau. On the other hand, with Goethe nature no longer appears as the reflection of the godhead, but as God Himself. Conventionality and unnatural affection, in short all that may be gathered together in the one term *Zopf*, is entirely foreign to Werther. Like Rousseau, Werther is passionately fond of solitude, but he is not a misanthrope. He speaks to nature, and nature replies. He feels nature as love. There exist between nature and Werther unbreakable bonds of sympathy which lead to the well-defined reflex action: "Wie die Natur sich zum Herbste neigt, wird es Herbst in mir und um mich her. Meine Blätter werden gelb, und schon sind die Blätter der benachbarten Bäume abgefallen."<sup>39</sup> Biese justly remarks<sup>40</sup> that Werther's feeling for nature rests upon the foundation of poetic pantheism.

There remains only a word to be said here with regard to the evolution of the interpretation of nature within Goethe himself. I borrow for this purpose the language of R. M. Meyer,<sup>41</sup> who so clearly defines the various stages: "For the illusionist Werther, nature was the sacred, pure, world-foreign and inapproachable maiden; for the maturing disciple of Charlotte von Stein, the all-providing, all-loving, indefatigable mother; for the author of *Tasso* and *Iphigenia*, the ruling all-powerful queen; for the poet in old age, the only adorable goddess:

Werde jeder bessere Sinn  
Dir zum Dienst erbötig!  
Jungfrau, Mutter, Königin,  
Göttin, bleibe gnädig!

<sup>36</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 323, 336, 346.

<sup>38</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 380 ff.

<sup>40</sup> P. 387.

<sup>37</sup> *Op. Cit.*, pp. 173 ff.

<sup>39</sup> Ed. Hempel, XIV, p. 83.

<sup>41</sup> *Goethe*, p. 576.

7. THE ROMANTIC REACTION, consisting of two distinct currents: (a) the largely sentimental feeling for nature shown especially by the older members of the Romantic School and well exemplified in Stolberg's

Süsse, heilige Natur,  
Lass mich gehn auf deiner Spur,

and (b) the feeling of wild delight in nature's destructive and terrible aspects, such as the storm at sea, the cyclone in the woods.

Music and nature are the passions of Romanticism, and, of the earlier Romantic poets, Tieck and Novalis best reveal the truth of such a statement. Grillparzer, as an interpreter of the musical element in nature, is greatly indebted to the Romantic School, and there is many a passage in Grillparzer's sympathetic nature-poetry which reminds one vividly of such words as those uttered by Tieck's *Franz Sternbald*:

Ich möchte die ganze Welt mit Liebesgesängen durchströmen,  
den Mondsommer und die Morgenröte anrühren, dass sie mein  
Leid und Glück wiederklingen, dass die Melodie Bäume, Zweige,  
Blätter und Gräser ergreife, damit alle spielend meinen Gesang wie  
mit Millionen Zungen wiederholen müssten.

What I have called the second phase of the romantic reaction is illustrated in a well-known passage of *Faust*:

Und wenn der Sturm im Walde braust und knarrt,  
Die Riesenfichte stürzend Nachbaräste  
Und Nachbarstämme quetschend nieder streift,  
Und ihrem Fall dumpf hohl der Hügel donnert;  
Dann führst du mich zur sichern Höhle, zeigst  
Mich dann mir selbst, und meiner eignen Brust  
Geheime tiefe Wunder öffnen sich.

Among the English Romanticists who were contemporary with Grillparzer, this feeling is expressed most frequently by Lord Byron. The following passages from *Childe Harold* are characteristic:

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;  
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,



Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.  
 Oh! She is fairest in her features wild,  
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path;  
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
 Though I have marked her when none other hath,  
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.<sup>42</sup>

And then, *Canto* III, 92, 93:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as in the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious Night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee! . . .

<sup>42</sup> *Canto*, II, 37.

## II

### GRILLPARZER'S DESCRIPTION OF NATURE

In his description of nature Grillparzer often animadverts on the relation between nature and man. Both nature and man, the "king of creation," are subject to law and order, and neither nature nor man exists without purpose. Nature, however, is subject to her own laws which man, also, must obey. This law of nature surrounds man like an invisible net from which there is no escape, and the transgression of which means death and destruction. Man is well aware of the existence of this law, but he is unable to comprehend it, for in spite of all the knowledge he boasts, he is a king without sceptre: he sits upon the throne of creation, but nature rules. In the poem of 1842 *Wie viel weisst du, o Mensch, der Schöpfung König*,<sup>1</sup> Grillparzer sets forth this idea with considerable sarcasm. But this is not the only place where one may find a recognition of the exalted position of nature, mingled with sarcastic, pessimistic reflections on the physical and mental imperfections of man. So, for example, in the poem *Pflanzenwelt*,<sup>2</sup> the poet shows that nature, conscious of her purpose, follows gladly the outlined paths, and is satisfied with her lot, while man—shiftless and malcontent—might learn a valuable lesson from trees and flowers. A melancholy note is sounded in the poem *Im Gewächshaus*,<sup>3</sup> where Grillparzer laments the brevity of human life, in contrast with the permanency of nature:

Aloe! Aloe!  
Blühest so schön.  
Aber nur einmal in Menschengedenken.  
Aloe!  
Wir leben nur eines,  
Ein einziges Menschengedenken.  
Wenn die erste Blüte vorüber,

<sup>1</sup> II, p. 55.

<sup>2</sup> I, p. 175.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*



Aloe, Aloe!  
 Wo Zeit für die zweite?

Nature is looked upon by Grillparzer as perfect, while man is imperfect; nature is permanent, man is transitory; nature follows and reaches her aim, man wavers, stumbles and falls. Man is in need of nature's assistance and sympathy, and both are granted him: nature loves man (the relation between the two is that of parent to child), and man returns this love. Gradually, as his appreciation and gratitude mature, he sinks into nature's wide-open arms, finding comfort and compassion. In unity with nature man finds strength, and by conforming to her laws, he may be able to increase his vitality. Hence the confident words of Rudolf in the *Bruderzwist*.<sup>4</sup>

Mein Haus wird bleiben immerdar . . .  
 . . . weil es, einig mit dem Geist des All,  
 Durch Klug und scheinbar Unklug, rasch und zögernd,  
 Den Gang nachahmt der ewigen Natur, . . .

Turning now from the general to the particular, let us first take up the poetry of the seasons. Naturally Spring plays the most important rôle. The arrival of spring is beautifully described in a poem by that title.<sup>5</sup> The cries of the cuckoo herald the approach of the fairest season of the year, and by means of a play upon the word *Kukuck*, which the poet changes to *Guck, guck!*, the birds' surprise and pleasure are cleverly drawn. The melting snow is likened to white draperies, which a servant now proceeds to remove from the furniture in the house, while another attendant is busy spreading magnificent rugs, for which the blossoming trees have furnished the material. This exquisite picture, over which the golden gate-keeper (the sun) is pouring floods of light, is made alive—like fine scenery on a modern stage by the sweet notes of a well-trained voice—by the clever little orchestra of nature which always plays in harmony, even if no rehearsals have been held. Slowly, and with dignity, the stranger now approaches, and while the orchestra is playing a joyous tune of welcome, while sweet little flowers are crowding both sides of the path over which he must come, while all nature rejoices

<sup>4</sup>IX, p. 67.

<sup>5</sup>*Frühlingskommen*, I, p. 210.

in anxious anticipation, the king now takes possession of his kingdom. The heart of the poet is touched: the universal rejoicing communicates itself to his muse, and thus spring is also for him a source of blessing: new life and new vigor follow in the wake of the "king."

Full of charming details referring to spring, though its conclusion breathes pessimism and despair, is the poem *Als mein Schreibpult zersprang*.<sup>6</sup> All nature longs for Spring:

Und des Frühlings Kuss entgegen  
Dehnt, erwacht, sich Zweig und Ast.

But not only the trees in the forest experience this conscious longing, even the wood, which has long since ceased to be part of a tree, and which man has already turned to his own purposes, is affected by the powerful influence of spring, and makes a last though futile effort to grow and sprout. Grillparzer also feels the potent forces of rejuvenating spring acting upon him; he, too, makes an effort to produce and bear: a new enthusiasm, fanned by spring breezes, seems to awaken in him, but it proves to be nothing but the last rally, which is immediately followed by death:

Und mein Busen drängt und hebt sich;  
Doch, nicht fähig mehr zu grünen,  
Ächzt er laut auf und—zerbirst.

The pessimism of these lines, which date from the year 1813, is a reflex of unhappy moods and experiences which caused Grillparzer to despair, for a while, of his poetic talent.

Grillparzer regards spring as nature's youth. Youth is a formative period, a period of hope and of enjoyment. In *Für ein sechzehnjähriges Mädchen*<sup>7</sup> the poet advises the maid to make the best of her youth. He writes these lines in the month of May, the fairest of the whole year, and compares the short duration of spring beauty with the few months of pleasure, of youth, which are still in store for the maiden of sweet sixteen. Soon this happy time will be behind her, and the serious duties awaiting her as wife and mother will tax her strength and occupy her time. Spring is but brief, and summer, autumn,

<sup>6</sup> II, p. 11.

<sup>7</sup> III, p. 52.



winter will follow in rapid succession. Be happy then while nature herself rejoices. Enjoy life while you are young: *Dum loquimur, fugerit invida Aetas; carpe diem!*<sup>8</sup> Or, in Grillparzer's language:

Flattre, bunter Sommervogel,  
Sonnenwend' ist bald vorbei . . .  
Flattre! Denn noch ist der Mai.

Optimism and hope thus lie in the words of Bertha,<sup>9</sup> who looks forward with pleasure to the approach of May,

Wo das Feld sich kleidet neu,  
Wo die Lüfte sanfter wehen  
Und die Blumen auferstehen.

On the other hand, when Graf Borotin complains<sup>10</sup> of the difficulty which he experiences in giving up, one by one, all the fair hopes "In der Jugend Lenz empfangen," we have to deal with one of Grillparzer's personal pessimistic reflections where Youth-Spring, and Old-Age-Winter, are mournfully contrasted.

In another part of the *Ahnfrau*<sup>11</sup> Bertha compares the feeling of hope, which begins gradually to fill her heart, with the effect of "Spring's soothing finger," which removes the dark envelope from the tender germ, and, likewise, in the poem *Der Genesene*,<sup>12</sup> the hopeful attitude toward life, upon the recovery from an illness, is likened to the awakening and to the productive power of spring:

Und als ob der Lenz erwache  
All mit seiner Freuden Chor,  
Treibt es nach der langen Brache  
Grüne Spitzen neu hervor.

But spring means more to Grillparzer than only youth and hope. Linked with these two characteristics is the direct influence which spring exerts upon the human heart by fostering love. The beauty of nature, at this particular time of the year, is a powerful stimulus to passion, but our poet never

<sup>8</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, 11.

<sup>10</sup> IV, p. 49.

<sup>12</sup> I, p. 139.

<sup>9</sup> *Ahnfrau*, IV, p. 16.

<sup>11</sup> IV, p. 124.

so directly associates spring with love, as the minnesingers are wont to do. Love, according to Grillparzer, may be inspired by nature's beauty *at any time*, although spring, which means hope, is, perhaps, the most favorable period. This idea is expressed in the poem *Intermezzo*:<sup>13</sup> in the month of May, when the flowers bloom and when the sweet melodies of the forest birds resound, love investigates if the natural conditions are favorable:

Da hebt sich eine Scholle,  
Die Liebe lauscht hervor,  
Ob noch der Winter grolle,  
Noch laut der Stürme Chor?

This sounds, perhaps, as if love had been asleep throughout the long winter months. However, this is not so: love is like a tender flower, unable to endure, unprotected, the hardships of cold; and like a flower it demands to be cherished and nursed. The sheltering roof of man affords ample protection during the cold season, and thus we read, in the last stanza:

Doch friert es etwa nächtig,  
Sucht sie der Menschen Dach  
Und schürt ein Feuer mächtig  
Im jungen Herzen wach.

The beauty of the description of spring and love is intensified by the introduction of the musical element to which the Romantic School paid marked attention. The music of love, its wonderful crescendo, its resounding forte, fortissimo, and its gradual decrescendo, piano, pianissimo, and final morente, is alluded to in a glowing tribute to the nightingale, the song-bird of love. The lines in question form the last stanza of the poem *Mistress Shaw*:<sup>14</sup>

Da tönt vom Busch ein Laut der Wunderkehle,  
Es steigt und schwillt, klingt nach, verhallt und stirbt.  
Hab Dank, du Zauberin, o Philomele,  
In die verloren, man sich selbst erwirbt.

Apart from those pessimistic references which we attributed to unfortunate circumstances in the poet's life, Grillparzer's

<sup>13</sup> I, p. 223.

<sup>14</sup> II, p. 46.



description of spring is altogether joyous. It is his constant endeavor to bring out the loveliness of the season, and to show its manifold aspects. He succeeds well, and his success seems to be due to the fact that he is well able to gather the various details together into one picture, where excessive intensity of light is artistically avoided by the use of well-distributed shadow. It is with interest that we watch the painter Grillparzer at work. Touch after touch we see him make upon the canvas with his saturated colors, and, at last, perhaps only in one line, he makes reference to the effect. One of the best pictures of this kind, in which I fail to find the lack of warmth and color for which Grillparzer's lyric efforts have been criticised, may be quoted in conclusion. The words are Publipo's in *Spartakus*.<sup>15</sup>

Wie wenn des jungen Frühlings lauer Finger  
Den Schnee streift von der Erde starren Gliedern,  
Das Gras hervortritt aus der Winterhülle,  
Der Rose zarte Wangen süß erröten,  
Die blauen Glöcklein holde Freude tönen,  
Die Knospe auszieht ihren rauhen Pelz,  
Des Bächleins Wellen durch die Wiesen hüpfen,  
Und alles lebt und atmet und sich freut.

Summer, it appears, appeals to Grillparzer's nature-sense most effectively at night, but his descriptions of summer seem few among the numerous references to other phases of nature. A touch of weariness and languor rests upon the few passages that deal with this subject. Exhausted from the heat of day, nature enjoys the refreshing breezes of a summer-night, and man seeks comfort in cooling waves. So says Hero in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*.<sup>16</sup>

Wo, wie der Mensch, der, müd am Sommerabend,  
Vom Ufer steigt ins weiche Wellenbad  
Und, von dem lauen Strome rings umfängen,  
In gleicher Wärme seine Glieder breitet, . . .

The balmy air and the inebriating fragrance of a multitude of blossoms increase the languor of the senses, and so, gradually, lead to self-oblivion. Nothing disturbs the holy com-

<sup>15</sup> XI, p. 134.

<sup>16</sup> IV, p. 12.

munion with nature, and even the melancholy vibrating notes of the lute, luring like the voice of the nightingale, add to the scene of universal repose and peace: the air listens, and the foliage ceases to stir because of the lack of wind:<sup>17</sup>

Hab' ich's euch doch schon erzählt,  
 Wie in einer Sommernacht  
 Ich dort in dem nahen Walde  
 Mich lustwandelnd einst erging  
 Und, vom Schmeichelhauch der Lüfte,  
 Von dem Duft der tausend Blüten  
 Eingelullt in süß Vergessen,  
 Weiter ging als je zuvor.  
 Wie mit einmal durch die Nacht  
 Einer Laute Klang erwacht,  
 Klagend, stöhnend, Mitleid flehend,  
 Mit der Tonkunst ganzer Macht,  
 Girrend bald gleich zarten Tauben  
 Durch die dichtverschlungenen Lauben,  
 Bald mit langgedehntem Schall  
 Lockend gleich der Nachtigall,  
 Dass die Lüfte schweigend horchten  
 Und das Laub der regen Espe  
 Seine Regsamkeit vergass.

The almost total neglect of autumn in Grillparzer's treatment of the seasons is characteristic. Is this due to the fact that he does not care for autumn, or that he attributes but little importance to this season? Neither one nor the other can be true, because so careful an observer of nature as Grillparzer does not fail to appreciate the charm of an autumnal landscape; nor is there any reference to autumn which implies that the poet regards this season as inferior to spring, summer and winter. The fact is that Grillparzer's *Herbststimmung* is somber, because autumn heralds the approach of winter, which he dreads. The realisation of the impending necessity of destruction is keener than the pleasure to be derived from an autumnal landscape, and, it is interesting to note, the outlook into the future is more painful to the poet than the actual experience proves to be later, when the dreaded future has

<sup>17</sup> *Ahnfrau*, IV, p. 21.



come. Death itself has no horrors for Grillparzer, but the gradual and inevitable process of dissolution preparatory to ultimate chaos deeply affects him. The leaves which are blown from the trees in autumn storms are called "sommersatt" in the poem *Ein Herbstblatt*,<sup>18</sup> and this one word characterizes Grillparzer's attitude toward autumn, and explains, perhaps, his preference for winter: all excesses lead to disease, and disease is ultimately fatal. This condition gives rise to a melancholy sensation in the poet, and may even go so far as to become unbearable and repulsive to him.

How different is the exhilarating atmosphere with which we meet in the poem *Dezemberlied*.<sup>19</sup> Winter, the poet argues, deprives nature of a great deal, but the loss on one side is compensated by the gain on the other. This observation is then followed by a comparison of the two great extremes, winter and spring:

Eis dein Schmuck und fallend Laub  
Deine Schmetterlinge.  
Rabe deine Nachtigall,  
Schnee dein Blütenstäuben;  
Deine Blumen, traurig all,  
Auf gefrorenen Scheiben.

A slight vibration of melancholy is perceivable also in this passage, but we can hardly expect anything else when falling leaves and butterflies, raven and nightingale, snow and the rain of blossoms, etc., are considered side by side. It is in this very contrast that I find the beauty of the description: the attributes of nature are vastly different in spring and in winter, but Grillparzer substitutes the attributes of the latter for those of the former. Another note of appreciation rings through the subsequent stanzas, where the beneficent influence of the retreat to the fireside, in winter, is mentioned. For man in general, and for the poet in particular, one of the effects of this season is of utmost importance:

Sammlung, jene Götterbraut,  
Mutter alles Grossen,  
Steigt herab auf deinen (Winter's) Laut  
*Segenübergossen.*

<sup>18</sup> III, p. 48.

<sup>19</sup> I, p. 157.

This is why Grillparzer cannot understand the disrespectful epithet *Würger* by which winter is sometimes designated. He, on the contrary, bids him welcome; he looks far beneath the surface, and expresses the result of his examination with the appreciative words:

Und die Winter der Natur  
Sind der Geister Lenze.

The vivid contrast between winter and spring, the sudden and unexpected transition from one to the other, appears also in his *Diary on his Italian journey*.<sup>20</sup>

Noch in der Nacht passierten wir Monselice; endlich brach der Tag an, eben als Rovigo vor uns lag. Ich schaute um mich her und schaute wieder, aber es war kein Traum. Schien es doch, als ob die Welt der Märchen wiedergekehrt wäre, und irgend ein wohlthätiger Zauberer uns in der Nacht in einen andern Weltteil geführt hätte. Auf unserer Reise bis Triest fanden wir überall noch Schnee und Winter; die See, das *ἀλς ἀπρίγερτος*, bot kein Grün als das ihres Wassers, in Venedig sprosst und grünt nichts, selbst keine Bäume; nach der Überfahrt über die Lagunen fanden wir das Land schon in Nacht verhüllt, wir befanden uns daher mit unsern Gedanken noch im Winter, und wenn wir auch glaubten, manches weiter vorgerückt zu sehn, als in den Gegenden, die wir verlassen, so konnte doch der Unterschied, Zeit und Entfernung betrachtet, unserer Meinung nach nicht so gross sein. Nun stellte sich aber mit einemmal eine ganz andere Welt dar. Grüne Felder, von lebendigen Zäunen umfassen, mit Feigen—und Maulbeerbäumen besetzt, an denen sich festonartig Weinreben fortwandten; mit einem Worte: wir waren in Italien angelangt.

The more one studies the poetry of winter in Grillparzer, the more one notes his fondness for that season. And yet there is a number of descriptive passages referring to winter, which bear the marks of blackest pessimism and despair. Bertha's gloomy description of the winter-night,<sup>21</sup> where the earth is likened to a corpse over which winter has spread the shroud of snow, is motivated and made appreciable by her youth. She longs for spring because her heart is young, because her blood is warm. To her, winter is as yet a cold

<sup>20</sup> XIX, p. 206.

<sup>21</sup> *Ahnfrau*, IV, p. 16.



mystery of death and horror, which she fears because she is not sufficiently mature to comprehend it. This explanation, however, cannot be offered when one considers Grillparzer's somber winter-poem *Polarszene*,<sup>22</sup> for here the poet speaks himself. Death is also here the chord, and plaintive is the note which rings throughout both stanzas. It is not so much the presence of ice and snow, and the lack of warming sunshine, which seems to freeze Grillparzer's poetic imagination and deprive him of his productive ambition: a keener consciousness of utter desolation and, consequently, a depression sufficiently powerful to kill all self-confidence and hope, must be attributed directly to the total absence of song-birds. The musical poet needs encouragement from nature's voice:

Auf blinkenden Gefilden  
 Ringsum nur Eis und Schnee,  
 Verstummt der Trieb zu bilden,  
 Kein Sänger in der Höh'!  
 Kein Strauch, der Labung böte,  
 Kein Sonnenstrahl, der frei.  
 Und nur des Nordlichts Röte  
 Zeigt wüst die Wüstenei.

Grillparzer here expresses his temporary *Stimmung*, as he says in the second stanza:

So sieht's in einem Innern,  
 So steht's in einer Brust,  
 Erstorben die Gefühle,  
 Des Grünens frische Lust.  
 Nur schimmernde Ideen,  
 Im Kalten angefacht,  
 Erheben sich, entstehen,  
 Und schwinden in die Nacht.

The poet's general treatment of winter is wholly different. Another specimen of optimistic description of winter may here be mentioned: *Jagd im Winter*.<sup>23</sup> Emphasis is laid in this poem upon the color-scheme of a winter-landscape: the heavens gray, and the earth white. The monotony of this combination of colors, due to the absence of a bit of relieving green—Die

<sup>22</sup> I, p. 209.

<sup>23</sup> II, p. 50.

Bäume kahl—is enlivened, however, by the glittering, crystal ice. The poet's *joie de vivre* is only intensified by the cold, and in a buoyant spirit he sings:

Mag zagen, wer will, mir wallet es heiss,  
Ich nenne willkommen dich, blinkendes Eis,  
Dich, starrender Winter willkommen.

In the second and last stanza of *Jagd im Winter*, there is contained a reminiscence of spring, but in each instance we notice the desire to suppress all thoughts of this kind, and the anxiety to appreciate what is, and not what might be. With this end in view, Grillparzer compares the present generation of man with winter, and he comes to the conclusion that such a comparison is more fitting than one with spring. Again he welcomes, therefore, the snow-bedecked fields. To the advantage of winter is also the comparison between the winter of nature and the winter of the human intellect. The latter goes further than nature, causing death, while nature only chills. In the evening only, seated by the fireside, the poet believes his longing for spring to be justified, but even here he states particularly that the expression of his longing shall be confined to

*ein einziger Seufzer*

Nach Lenz und Blüten und Früchten.

Of importance for the study of Grillparzer's description of nature is his treatment of sunrise and sunset, morning and evening, day and night, light and darkness. Wonderfully blended are the colors into which the artist here dips his brush, and ever-varied are his pictures.

One of these pictures of sunrise, suffused with a wealth of color and light, may be found in *Melusina*,<sup>24</sup> where Bertha and Troll together call Raimund's attention to the break of day: rosy clouds brighten up the heavens, and a "sea of fire" rushes from *des Aufgangs Pforten*. This rapidly spreading sea of fire overflows all creation; its vital influence is felt everywhere. So, the divine rays of sunlight lay bare the heart of man: care-worn, he has tossed himself about, throughout

<sup>24</sup> VII, p. 258.



the night, slumber has fled his couch; but now the soothing messenger of nature seeks him out, and as light and clearness enter his anxious soul, lifting the veil from the chaos of doubt and anguish, he feels relieved and comforted. Cf. the words of Preisl in *Friedrich der Streitbare*:<sup>25</sup>

Der Morgen schimmert schon von jenen Bergen,  
Die Sonne steigt empor. Ist's doch, als ob ihr Strahl,  
Indem er die Umgebungen erleuchtet,  
Zugleich des Menschen Inneres erhellt.  
Was uns bei Nacht auf schlummerlosem Lager  
In marternder Verwirrung ängstigte,  
Es schlichtet sich beim ersten Blick des Tages,  
Und Klarheit kehrt und Ruh zur Brust zurück.

The sun himself is *heiter*, and this characteristic trait is rapidly communicated to all nature under the influence of light. Even the smallest insects *make merry* in the sunshine, and the awakening flowers *nicken freundlich ihren stillen Gruss*.<sup>26</sup>—The idea concomitant with sunshine is pleasure—pure, unselfish, and universal:

Seht, im Osten steigt die Sonne,  
Alles lacht in ihrem Schein.<sup>27</sup>

This pleasure is evinced by new ambition and by new activity. Sunlight is thus a stimulus to work, and, with a consciousness of purpose, the sun looks down in astonishment upon the idle. This idea is beautifully carried out in *Der Traum ein Leben*,<sup>28</sup> where the uplifting influence of sunrise is made use of, not merely as a decorative stage-effect, but for the purpose of arousing Rustan from his indifference. Upon the sight of the sun, Rustan bends his knee in worship and expresses eloquently his admiration of and his gratitude to the *Eternal Sun*.

While Rustan's prayer is the expression of youthful enthusiasm, we find in Merenberg's words<sup>29</sup> the light-inspired attitude of hope, the last flickering flame kindled in the heart of an age-worn man. To him sunrise means another day: another day of life for him and another opportunity for the

<sup>25</sup> XII, p. 9.

<sup>26</sup> *Psyche*, XI, p. 124.

<sup>27</sup> *Melusina*, VII, p. 257.

<sup>28</sup> VII, p. 214.

<sup>29</sup> *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*, VI, p. 71.

ruling House of Hapsburg, which he serves, to restore Austria to the beauty and wealth which the tyranny of war had temporarily laid waste. But the beauty and wealth of nature must be *seen*, to be appreciated. This is made possible only through the medium of light, as Grillparzer states briefly in the Chorus in *Melusina*.<sup>30</sup>

Doch wie aller Erden Pracht  
Erst die Sonne sichtbar macht;

while, in his *Tagebuch auf der Reise nach Italien*,<sup>31</sup> he refers to the effect of the rising sun, which unfolds to him the wonders of nature as *welch einziger Genuss!*

The manifest combination of the moral and æsthetic elements in light justify Hero<sup>32</sup> in calling it *gottentsprungen*, and the poet carries out this idea more elaborately in his ode of appreciation *An die Sonne*,<sup>33</sup> which represents, at the same time, a summing up of all the characteristics of sunlight:

Sonne, göttliches Licht! Schaffende, nährende  
Himmelstochter! Du spendest uns  
Wonne, Segen und Lust, Früchte den lockenden  
Fluren, zeugest den Traubensaft.

Grillparzer likewise shows keen appreciation for the romantic beauty of moonlight effects. So, he lets Publitor<sup>34</sup> describe the magic charm of a moonlit landscape. The moon herself is likened to a silver sickle contrasting prominently with a background of dark-blue clouds; the light itself is characterized by the adjective *süss*. A passage in *Das Kloster bei Sandomir*<sup>35</sup> shows the rising moon struggling with and conquering the last rays of the evening twilight, while the dark shadows of night "settle in the folds of the valley and beneath the trees in the forest." If sunlight inspires to activity, the moon, as a characteristic attribute of night, invites to rest. This is the thought reflected in Grillparzer's ode *An den Mond*,<sup>36</sup> a fitting counterpart to his above-mentioned tribute *An die Sonne*. In this poem the heavens are likened

<sup>30</sup> VII, p. 262.

<sup>32</sup> VII, p. 20.

<sup>34</sup> *Spartakus*, XI, p. 134.

<sup>36</sup> II, p. 78.

<sup>31</sup> XIX, p. 253.

<sup>33</sup> II, p. 70.

<sup>35</sup> XIII, p. 196.

to the waves of the sea over which the moon glides gently. Here, also, the moonlight is referred to as *holder Schimmer*. The moon herself is personified, and her light is called *Blick*. Rest, joy, solace and oblivion are the effects of moonlight upon the soul of man:

Sanfter, als die heisse Sonne,  
Winkt dein Schimmer Ruh' und Freud',  
Und erfüllt mit süsser Wonne,  
Tröstung und Vergessenheit.

It should not be forgotten that Grillparzer sought *Tröstung und Vergessenheit* in the realm of poetry. The moon, now, is one of the phenomena of nature which furnishes a source of inspiration. In a later reference<sup>37</sup> to the poem *An den Mond*, its two first stanzas are attributed directly to the action of the full moon upon the poet's imagination.

With glowing red, a contrast to the blue sky, the whole in a frame of dark-gray, Grillparzer paints a placid picture of sunset and evening.<sup>38</sup> Lest the green of the foliage disappear in this sea of red, a gentle breeze is made to stir the leaves, thus causing a vibration of color which the poet believes to be so beautiful that he calls attention to it again through its reflection in a near-by pond. Gradually, together with the setting sun, the entire picture disappears from view; the approaching night casts its dark veil over it, and, like a mist in the background, the fragrance of mountain, dale and meadow rises slowly up to the heavens—incense from altars of worship:

Berg und Tal und Wiese düften,  
Dampfenden Altären gleich.

All is gray; *farbloßes Grau* the priest calls it in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*;<sup>39</sup> utter hopelessness seems to linger over the universe. But this does not last. Soon the picture changes, as the somber gray is enlivened, here and there, by the brightness of a star. We stand and count. One by one, at

<sup>37</sup> *Zu den einzelnen Werken*, XVIII, p. 165.

<sup>38</sup> *Der Abend*, II, p. 81.

<sup>39</sup> VII, p. 47.



first, then faster, and ever faster, until the number grows beyond us

blinkt dort ein Stern,  
Und dort ein zweiter, dritter, hundert, tausend, .

and the former spectacle of hopelessness changes to an inspiration of fairest hope:

Die Ahnung einer reichen, gotterhellten Nacht

drifts into the soul of man. Everlasting is this feeling and the blessing of hope; it is a hope beyond the grave, for the stars are always the same: their mild, soothing, hope-inspiring light is always present. So Medea:<sup>40</sup>

Die Nacht bricht ein, die Sterne steigen auf,  
Mit mildem, sanften Licht herunterscheinend;  
Dieselben heute, die sie gestern waren,  
Als wäre alles heut', wie's gestern war.

A suggestive passage referring to sunset and evening may be found in *Der Traum ein Leben*. Mirza here<sup>41</sup> passes from one to the other. The parting sun which goes to rest is used here for the purpose of introducing the idea of tranquillity and repose. In this manner, the connection between sunset and evening is established, and now follows a beautiful elaboration of the theme which has found so much favor with nature-poets of renown: evening, representing the cessation of nature's activity, grants her the well-earned rest from the labors of the day. The birds in the branches announce the hour of relief for all creation, the herds seek shelter for the night, and the drooping flower-heads, like babes at bedtime, show that they have already obeyed the call of Mother Nature:

Abend ist's, die Schöpfung feiert,  
Und die Vögel aus den Zweigen,  
Wie beschwingte Silberglöckchen,  
Läuten ein den Feierabend,  
Schon bereit, ihr süß Gebot,  
Ruhend, selber zu erfüllen.  
Alles folget ihrem Rufe,  
Alle Augen fallen zu;  
Zu den Hürden zieht die Herde,

<sup>40</sup> V, p. 217.

<sup>41</sup> VII, p. 112.

Und die Blume senkt in Ruh  
Schlammerschwer das Haupt zur Erde.

It may not be far-fetched to recall in this connection Goethe's well-known poem *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'* . . .

How does the period of nature's slumber appear to Grillparzer? This question leads us to the consideration of his treatment of night and darkness. What is remarkable here is Grillparzer's point of view. The element of rest and slumber, although not entirely missing, appears to have been crowded into the background under the forceful strain of the realization that night's steady companion is darkness, the mother of evil. There is a great number of passages which thus describe night from the viewpoint of horror. The very thought that night obscures the beauty of nature is sufficient to inspire horror and fear. So in the poem *Verwandlungen*:<sup>42</sup>

Wie bist du schaurig,  
Du dunkle Nacht!  
Hier waren Wiesen,  
War Farbenpracht,  
Doch kaum zur Rüste  
Der Sonne Schein,  
So sank zur Wüste  
Das Eden ein.

More vivid even than this, is the description of the awesome element in night as the result of a bad conscience, linked invariably with the irrational fear of phantoms and spooks. Night here becomes a tormenting persecutor and avenger of crime—darkness not only breeds, but also punishes deeds of evil. Jaromir's slumber is disturbed by the ghost of the ancestress who leaves her grave at night. His morbid imagination and the consciousness of wrong make night and darkness an intolerable burden for him:<sup>43</sup>

Da reiss' ich des Bettes Vorhang  
Auf mit ungestümer Hast:  
Und mit tausend Flammenaugen  
Starrt die Nacht mich glotzend an.

<sup>42</sup> I, p. 216.

<sup>43</sup> IV, p. 44.

Forces of nature, to which little attention is paid in the daytime, inspire fear at night. The howling storm thus becomes the terrifying language of darkness (cf. *Ahnfrau*, IV, p. 86), and darkness is the grave, is death (cf. *Sappho*, IV, p. 188). At *night* Melitta was taken away from the loving arms of her parents. *That* night has left an inextinguishable impression upon her; she calls it *wild*.<sup>44</sup> Drahomira<sup>45</sup> directly refers to night as *Die Mutter nächtlich schwarzer Tat*, and she likens darkness to a dragon whose wings protect the brood of evil, until it has sufficiently matured to withstand the penetrating rays of sunlight.—Medea calls upon the *düstern Geister der schaurigen Nacht*<sup>46</sup> for assistance; her black magic art is the child of night.<sup>47</sup> The horrible dragon who guards the Golden Fleece dwells in the darkness of a cave,<sup>48</sup> and Gora threatens the life of those who would deprive Medea of her children with the words:<sup>49</sup>

Sie sollen . . .  
 . . . sterben, fallen,  
 In Grausen, in Nacht!

Don Pedro speaks of the poisonous breath of darkness, and midnight, he says, is pregnant with a black monster.<sup>50</sup> The horrors of midnight, when the owl, the bird of misery, shrieks, when the graves open themselves and give forth their gruesome contents, are drastically pictured also by Publipor.<sup>51</sup>

Again and again, as we have seen, night and darkness are identified with horror and evil, but this is not the only aspect of Grillparzer's description of the subject. Total absence of light is always accompanied by hopelessness and despair. In the description of sunset this idea was reproduced; in the description of night, the poet carries it still further. To exemplify, the words of Count Borotin may be quoted:<sup>52</sup>

Fahre wohl denn, fahre wohl!  
 Meine letzte, einz'ge Hoffnung!

<sup>44</sup> IV, p. 163.

<sup>46</sup> V, p. 45.

<sup>48</sup> V, p. 67.

<sup>50</sup> X, p. 187.

<sup>52</sup> IV, p. 93.

<sup>45</sup> XI, p. 3.

<sup>47</sup> V, p. 133.

<sup>49</sup> V, p. 178.

<sup>51</sup> XI, p. 138.



Wohl, die Sonne ist hinunter,  
 Ausgeglimmt der letzte Schein,  
 Dunkle Nacht bricht rings herein.

The pure and innocent are spared the horrors of night. To them night brings rest and refreshment, darkness brings sleep. In Bertha's *Lied in der Nacht*<sup>53</sup> we have a beautiful exposition of this thought. Attention must be given here to the fact that the terms *dark* or *black* are not to be found: Grillparzer associates horror and evil with these terms, and inasmuch as this poem has no reference thereto, they have been carefully avoided. The whole poem, on the contrary, breathes a beneficent air, and the consciousness of the blessings of sleep is uppermost in the poet's mind. Darkness, as has just been pointed out, is not directly mentioned, but only alluded to, and the allusion itself is highly poetic:

*Nacht umhüllt  
 Mit wehendem Flügel  
 Täler und Hügel,  
 Ladend zur Ruh.*

The description of night as a time of rest leads further to the consideration of that element without which rest is impossible: quiet, tranquillity. Quiet is necessary for the preparation of some great work, for the planning of some important undertaking, and this necessary element of stillness is afforded by night, the time when all nature is asleep. Thus night may be a source of inspiration to man; a thought which Spartakus expresses so well.<sup>54</sup>

Im Dunkel wird das Würdige geboren,  
 Und erst vollendet zeigt es sich dem Licht,  
 So hat mein Thun die Nacht zur Wiege erkoren,  
 Es flieht die Sonn', doch fürchtet es sie nicht.

The same tranquillity which is an inspiration of work acts also as an inspiration of love, thus opening the most important page in the book of nature. At night, when darkness condemns our outer senses to inactivity, our inmost feeling is more easily accessible to nature's influence than at any other

<sup>53</sup> II, p. 12.

<sup>54</sup> XI, p. 241.

time. It is again Spartakus who translates this thought into romantic language:<sup>55</sup>

Wenn sie vertrauend lag in meinen Armen,  
Im Schoss der Nacht, die unsre innern Sinne  
Vom Schlaf erweckt, wenn sie die äussern einullt,  
Vom Zitterschein der Sterne mild umflossen.

The reflection of night and darkness in the character of man is shown in Jason's words:<sup>56</sup>

Ich lieb' die Nacht, der Tag verletzt mein Auge.

This line is prompted by the fact that Jason is conscious of his wrong-doing.—On the other hand, Grillparzer draws a powerful picture of the inhabitants of Kolchis by careful description of the darkness of its forests, the thickness of its fogs, and the prevailing stillness of death, which is interrupted only by the howling of the wind and by the uncanny rustling of lofty pines.<sup>57</sup> This gloomy picture is used for the purpose of preparing us for just as gloomy deeds, to be perpetrated by the natives of such a country. It is significant that Milo, a member of the Greek expedition, rather than a Kolchian, gave this description of Kolchis. A Kolchian could not give it, could not do justice to it, because his description of nature would be too subjective, as Medea herself remarks:<sup>58</sup>

O Kolchis! O du meiner Väter Land!  
Sie nennen dunkel dich, *mir* scheinst du hell!

Grillparzer attached so much importance to the description of night that he devoted an entire scene, the first act of the *Argonauten*, to a symbolic representation of it. We are in Kolchis. *Wilde Gegend mit Felsen und Bäumen* (obscuring light), . . . *finstere Nacht*, says the introductory note. Soon Aietes appears *ganz in einen dunkeln Mantel gehüllt*. Absyrtus speaks in glowing terms of the beauty of Kolchis, the land where the sun sets; later he calls up to the lonely tower in which his sister practises *black witchcraft* (the tower is *scantily* lighted by but one flickering light). He addresses Medea as *Du Wandlerin der Nacht*. When she finally con-

<sup>55</sup> XI, p. 152.

<sup>57</sup> V, pp. 47, 48.

<sup>56</sup> V, p. 134.

<sup>58</sup> V, p. 146.

sents to come down and to meet father and brother, she appears in clothes which are highly suggestive of the poet's intention to introduce a personification of sunset (cf. V, p. 37, bottom). Aietes' guilt-laden conscience cannot bear so much light, and thus Medea extinguishes her torch. She yields to her father's wishes, and she agrees to make use of her art, to slay the bold foreigners. For this purpose, she invokes the *düstern Geister der schaurigen Nacht*. The appearance of Jason, who represents Light, sets off Medea's characteristics still more prominently. Later, we are taken into *ein düsteres Gewölbe im Innern des Turmes*, and Medea comes *einen schwarzen Stab in der Rechten*. During her invocation of the *furchtbare Fürsten der Tiefe*, she is surprised by Jason. He wounds her and would have killed her, but as he raises the lamp to discover her hiding-place, he is awed by so much beauty which darkness had concealed from him. Light-Jason finally conquers Darkness-Medea, because into her soul have penetrated the heavenly rays of light, of love. The next act contains the following significant introductory note: *Es ist Tag*.

There remains to be discussed under the heading of light and darkness, the contrast between the two which Grillparzer uses with considerable effect. While light leads to knowledge, in so far as it represents experience gained through our visual sense, darkness makes appeal to our inner feeling. Too much light, however, is as harmful as too much darkness, and nature has thus wisely provided for a proper distribution of each. This is well expressed by Rudolf in the *Bruderzwist*.<sup>59</sup> Likewise, when Phaon awakes from the dream which shows that he has now grown conscious of his love for Melitta, he contrasts the new light which has been poured out over his soul, with the former state of gloom. The entire contrast is visualized by means of describing the joy of one who sees the sunlight again after being cast suddenly into the dark depths of the sea. The entire passage<sup>60</sup> reminds one vividly of Schiller's *Taucher*:

Ich atme wieder unbeklemmt und frei;  
Und gleich dem Armen, den ein jäher Sturz

<sup>59</sup> IX, p. 108.

<sup>60</sup> IV, p. 175.



Ins dunkle Reich der See hinabgeschleudert,  
 Wo Grausen herrscht und ängstlich dumpfes Bangen,  
 Wenn ihn empor nun hebt der Wellen Arm  
 Und jetzt das heitre goldne Sonnenlicht,  
 Der Kuss der Luft, des Kluges freud'ge Stimme  
 Mit einemmal um seine Stimme spielen:  
 So steh' ich freudetrunken, glücklich, selig,  
 Und wünsche mir, erliegend all der Wonne,  
 Mehr Sinne oder weniger Genuss.

We have here all the characteristics of darkness: horror, gloom, and quiet, set off by all the attributes of light: impulse of energy, sound and joy of living. In his apology to Kreusa, for allowing himself to fall in love with the Barbarian woman, Jason also effectively avails himself of the contrast between light and darkness. The radiant beauty of Medea, in the milieu of Kolchis' horrible night, captured his light-loving heart; but she remains beautiful only so long as her fairness is brought into prominence by a dark background: in Greece, in the land of light, she appears dark, and thus she loses her former attraction:<sup>61</sup>

Ist sie hier dunkel, dort erschien sie licht,  
 Im Abstich ihrer nächtlichen Umgebung.

As we have seen, Medea always represents darkness, in spite of the above-quoted passage which seems to me to characterize Jason's infatuation as an illusion. The very failure of the marriage between Jason and Medea appears to be caused by the contrast of light and darkness, sunrise and sunset, day and night, which has been shown to exist between the two. A union of two elements so opposed to each other is an impossibility, just as day and night can have no place side by side. Their paths, aims and purposes lie in altogether different directions, and their children—(they are Jason's children as well as Medea's, but they resemble him more than her)—are the children of light rather than of darkness, and they obey more readily the impulses of light. It is this realization which places the dagger in the mother's hand:<sup>62</sup>

<sup>61</sup> V, p. 149.

<sup>62</sup> V, p. 215.

Wenn ich bedenk', dass es mein eigen Blut,  
 Das Kind, das ich im eignen Schoss getragen,  
 Das ich genährt an dieser meiner Brust,  
 Dass es mein Selbst, *das sich gen mich empört*,  
*So zieht der Grimm mir schneidend durch das Innre,*  
*Und Blutgedanken bäumen sich empor.*

The significant passage through which Grillparzer seems to anticipate, from the very outset, the gloomy end of the relations between the ill-mated pair, is the symbolic wedding scene,<sup>63</sup> in which Jason tears the black veil (symbol of darkness) from Medea's brow:

Und wie ich diesen Schleier von dir reisse,  
 Durchwoben mit der Unterird'schen Zeichen,  
 So reiss' ich dich von all den Banden los,  
 Die dich geknüpft an dieses Landes Frevel . . .  
 So frei und offen bist du Jasons Braut!

Jason here desires to wed light unto darkness, and the undertaking of the impossible must finally be fatal to both.

A glance over the many passages which embody Grillparzer's treatment of water reveals only one reference to its usefulness.<sup>64</sup>

Der Strom, der Schiffe trägt und Wiesen wässert,  
 Er mag durch Felsen sich und Klippen drängen,  
 Vermischen sich mit seiner Ufer Grund,  
 Er fördert, nützt, ob klar, ob trüb verbreitet.

A general description of water is given in the poem *Das Spiegelbild*.<sup>65</sup> The poet lies stretched out in the green, by the side of a spring, and, unconsciously, he allows himself to come under the influence of the clear water in which he sees his own countenance reflected. He forgets, for a moment, his prejudice against water's treachery, and associates the still purity of the transparent element with the longing of his heart, resolving to settle here, and to dwell in harmony with it, in the expectation of finding rest and comfort:

<sup>63</sup> V, p. 100.

<sup>64</sup> *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*, VII, p. 48.

<sup>65</sup> I, pp. 162, 163.

An deinem Ufer will ich ruhn,  
 Will mir ein Laubdach baun,  
 Matt von des Lebens Mühn und Thun  
 In deine Wellen schau'n.

But suddenly he beholds in the water not only his own picture, but also that of a friend whom he believed in the distance, and this reminds him again of water's insincerity. However, he is far from quarreling with nature on this account, and he accepts and appreciates nature as she is: to suggest improvements would seem sacrilegious to him:

Des Wassers Art ist eben so,  
 Zeigt nicht nur ein Gesicht,  
 Die ganze Welt ist dessen froh,  
 Und ich auch grolle nicht.

In spite of the unreliability of water, the poet is ready to enjoy its beauties, also in the future; but appreciation of beauty does not lay claim to trust, and he decides therefore to build his home elsewhere.

The insincere character of water is made the object of description in a number of other passages. Grillparzer's personal sincerity and straightforwardness resents it, and yet there seems to be a peculiar attraction for him in this particular trait. Like Lord Byron, he is at times aroused by the beautiful spectacle presented by the conspiracy of the raging elements against man. A picture of this kind is drawn by Phryxus:<sup>66</sup>

Und wie die Wogen schäumten, Donner brüllten,  
 Und Meer und Wind und Hölle sich verschworen,  
 Mich zu versenken in das nasse Grab;

and *tückisch* and *schwarz* (the latter being here synonymous with evil) are the qualifying adjectives with which Count Borotin<sup>67</sup> refers to water.

However, far more important than the treatment of water as a treacherous element are Grillparzer's allusions to its harmonious language. In the poem *Bachesgemurmel*<sup>68</sup> he imitates with rare skill the splashing of the billows, and he interprets the

<sup>66</sup> V, p. 23.

<sup>67</sup> IV, p. 98.

<sup>68</sup> I, p. 173.



language of water. The poem represents a dialogue between two waves. The second, *i. e.*, the next-following wave, crowds upon the first. The latter remonstrates, claiming priority, but Wave No. 2 pays no heed. A cry of pain indicates that the first wave has been struck and crowded out of its original place. The remaining waves then comfort their companion and chide the impatient one:

Nu, nu!  
Keine Ruh?  
Fliesen doch alle dem Frieden zu.

The musical murmuring of a brook conveys to the poet the idea of joy. "*Seht an den Bach*," says Libussa,<sup>69</sup> "*wie froh er murmelt*," and the hollow murmur of ocean billows, in the neighborhood of St. Helena Island, reveals the voice of an avenging deity.<sup>70</sup> We observe then that the language of water is one of the causes which lead to the poet's pantheistic interpretation of nature.

Grillparzer's description of water, as may have become evident, shows particular interest in the source of a river, and in the brook. His treatment of stream and river is not so enthusiastically appreciative. This is due to the fact that the transparent purity of spring and brook

Zu dem der Pilger naht mit durst'gem Mund,  
Die Priesterin, zu sprengen am Altar,<sup>71</sup>

is much more attractive and symbolically significant to him than the prosaic *Strom, der Schiffe trägt und Wiesen wässert*.<sup>72</sup> The other reason for Grillparzer's apparent neglect of the river is to be sought in his realization that the element of freedom, so closely linked with spring and brook, is lost in stream and river which become the *Diener eines andern*<sup>73</sup> (*i. e.*, of the sea), thus losing their original individuality.

Guided by the *Servant*, we follow our poet to his description of the *Master*, and we admire with him the beauty of the sea. In 1819, on his trip to Italy, Grillparzer saw the sea for the first time. It is interesting to note with what impetuous

<sup>69</sup> VIII, p. 214.

<sup>71</sup> VII, p. 48.

<sup>72</sup> VIII, p. 214.

<sup>70</sup> II, p. 88.

<sup>73</sup> *Ibid.*

impatience the poet leaped from his carriage, when he arrived at the top of the hill which was the last obstacle between him and the object of his longing. Like a wild, resounding shout of joy, a second *Θάλαττα, θάλαττα!* there comes from the bottom of his heart the utterance: "*Ah! und da lag es vor uns weit und blau und hell, und es war das Meer!*"<sup>74</sup> Grillparzer's imagination had drawn a loftier, mightier picture than that which he now beheld, but he had not expected so much beauty. It is true, as he himself remarks, that the sea in the vicinity of Trieste is not especially awe-inspiring. Perhaps, had he first seen the sea in some other more favorable locality, the real would have come closer to his ideal. Nevertheless, the impression made upon him by the beauty of the spectacle was so overwhelming that words failed him to express it. He expected to find a "rigid, unsubdued element," and his admiring eyes fell upon a calm and gentle sea which he likened in beautiful language to a pacified sweetheart, "*die doppelt schön ist, wenn sie gezürnt hat und getobt, und nun doppelt hold den Teuren schmeichelnd und besänftigend umfängt—*" Particularly beautiful appears to Grillparzer the sea at sunset. If he had been charmed by the light-effect, displayed by morning—and midday—sun in connection with the sea, he went into ecstasy ("*und ich dachte mir im Feenlande zu sein*"<sup>75</sup>), when all the colors of the rainbow—blue and red and green and gold—seemed to be reflected in the water. So powerful was the effect that he was anxious to return home, for rest and—for meditation.

In contrast with the immeasurable beauty of a calm sea is the terror inspired by the raging element. Beauty may be affected by a change of character, and so the poet describes (*Am Morgen nach einem Sturme*)<sup>76</sup> the sea as *taub und düster* in consequence of its foolish and useless struggle against heaven and earth. Return to the state of calmness, *i. e.*, of beauty, is therefore the poet's advice to the sea. The cause of the sea's hostility is attributed by Grillparzer to envy, and this envy, he attempts to show, is unfounded as the beauty of neither heaven nor earth in any way surpasses that of the sea.

<sup>74</sup> XIX, p. 198.

<sup>75</sup> XIX, p. 200.

<sup>76</sup> I, p. 132.

In another passage (*Mirjams Siegesgesang*),<sup>77</sup> on the other hand, the storming sea is described as an agent of vengeance whose anger can be appeased only by the destruction of the guilty. So complete is this act of destruction, that not a trace remains of the criminal, who disappears entirely, hidden from view by the punishing waves, which are grave and coffin at the same time. This is again an allusion to the ideal of ethics expressed through one of the forces of nature, but in this instance, strictly in accordance with the subject of this poem, the avenging sea does not represent the godhead itself, but—scripture-like—nature sings the glory of Almighty God:

Drum mit Zimbel und mit Saiten  
 Lasst den Hall es (d. h. das Meer) tragen weit,  
 Gross der Herr zu allen Zeiten,  
 Heute gross vor aller Zeit.

Descriptions of the raging elements coupled with reflections upon their effect on nature and man are not infrequent; particular attention, however, seems to have been paid to the subject of thunderstorms. In the poem *Gedanken am Fenster*<sup>78</sup> we have a fine exposition of the contrast which lies in the twofold effect of a thunderstorm. From the near mountains comes the first warning roar of thunder; gloom, fear and death is spread out everywhere: the whole represents a manifestation of the supreme power of the deity. The earth is terrified, the air is in a state of breathless anxiety, the birds have ceased their singing and they listen, from their nests, to the mightier voice. All nature is conscious of the approach of judgment. A flash of lightning causes the guilty eye of man to close, and his inmost soul is bared by the brilliancy of the pure avenging light. A squall of wind, which raises a cloud of dust, thus hiding everything from view, adds to the general confusion, and intensifies fear. The climax of tension is therewith reached, and immediate relief is now brought by a cooling shower. The fearful anticipation of vengeance yields to the consciousness of nature's blessings:

Doch horch! welch' leis' Bewegen  
 Rauscht durch die Blätterwand?

<sup>77</sup> I, p. 188.

<sup>78</sup> II, p. 26.



Was Strafe schien, wird Segen,  
 Vom Himmel rieselt Regen  
 Und tränkt das durst'ge Land.

But not always is the damage done by the raging elements of so little consequence as here. The irrestrainable power of nature's destructive forces brings man to the sad realization of his own impotence: with a shrug of his shoulders he must look on, well aware of the futility of any attempt at interference. So Naukleros:<sup>79</sup>

Wer sprach' auch wohl zum brandend tauben Meer,  
 Zum lauten Sturm, dem wilden Tier der Wüste,  
 Das achtlos folgt der angeborenen Gier?

The destruction so often wrought by a thunderstorm is alluded to by Ottokar, who compares his own actions with the ravages of a storm.<sup>80</sup> Another inference, however, is to be drawn from this passage. Grillparzer here defends the right of nature to inflict injury, by calling attention to nature's ability to make amends. He who destroys, must have the power to replace, and he who destroys knowing that he cannot replace, must necessarily commit an immoral act. Of such immorality man may well be guilty, but nature is regarded by Grillparzer as the moral ideal, so that an immoral action on the part of nature is an impossibility.

Ich hab' nicht gut in deiner Welt gehaust,  
 Du grosser Gott! Wie Sturm und Ungewitter  
 Bin ich gezogen über deine Fluren;  
 Du aber bist's allein, der stürmen kann,  
 Denn du allein kannst heilen, grosser Gott.

The musical element is not found wanting in the poet's description of storm and wind. Again we are able to distinguish the fine feeling and the trained ear of the musician to whom the roaring thunder, the surging sea and the howling wind mean infinitely more than noise, and who even attempts to classify the music of nature. Like frivolous dance-music seems to Grillparzer the roaring of the wind, and all that is

<sup>79</sup> VII, p. 77.

<sup>80</sup> VI, p. 137.

*leer und leicht*, i. e., frivolously inclined, is seized by it and whirled around in loud merriment:<sup>81</sup>

Wenn starke Winde wehen,  
Dann fliegt, vom Schwung erreicht,  
Papier und dürre Blätter,  
Was irgend leer und leicht.

The birds take no part in the wild dance because they, the real musicians of nature, feel the same aversion toward dance-music as many of their human colleagues. They wait patiently in their nests, until the orgy is over:

Doch wenn die Stürme schweigen,  
Die Sonne wieder lacht,  
Dann sinkt mit eins zu Boden,  
Was hob des Windes Macht;  
Indes die kleinen Vögel  
*Hoch* fliegen mit *Getön*.

The words *hoch* and *Getön* are significant. *Hoch*, undoubtedly, is to be taken as contrast to the light, frivolous element which remains much nearer to the earth, while *Getön*, which is equal to *harmony*, or any other related term, is found wanting in the references to storm and wind. One may unhesitatingly interpret this contrast as symbolic of the gap between trivial and ideal music. The former, as one may easily comprehend, has but little attraction for Grillparzer, so that his longing for the cessation of storm and for the return of nature's calm beauty (in which the birds' song is an important element) sounds very natural.

Without mentioning any of the many useful qualities of rain, Grillparzer describes, in gloomy language, the effect of rainy weather upon his own *Stimmung*. Still better expressed, the poem *Sendschreiben*,<sup>82</sup> which I have in mind, shows not so much the effect of rainy weather upon his mood as the reflection of his melancholy *Stimmung* through the medium of rain. Two of his fair friends have left Gastein, the pleasure is past—"der Freude Blumenkranz zerrissen." The heavens have donned black mourning and weep because of this loss:

<sup>81</sup> *Böses Wetter*, II, p. 70.

<sup>82</sup> III, p. 12.

Es hat der Himmel sich mit schwarzem Flor behängt,  
 Und weint in dicken, schweren Tropfen;  
 So sehr man ihn mit Flehn und Bitten drängt,  
 Nichts kann die Schleusen seines Zorns verstopfen.

This well characterizes our poet's general attitude toward the phenomena of wind and rain.

To the study of Grillparzer's description of nature belongs also the consideration of what I should like to call his general description. This subject, again, has two subdivisions, viz., landscapes and comparisons.

The passages which I have been able to collect for the study of Grillparzer's landscape paintings are too numerous for individual discussion at this place, so that I shall have to confine myself to those which are best adapted to and, consequently, most important for the present purpose.

On the whole, Grillparzer's landscapes show the lavish, though not wasteful hand of the painter. Very rare, therefore, is the extreme terseness of the following picture,<sup>83</sup> in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*:

Sei du erst heim in deiner dumpfen Hütte,  
 Vom Meer gespült, wo rings nur Sand und Wellen  
 Und trübe Wolken, die mit Regen dräun;

It will be admitted that the outlines of this picture of a lonely strand are scant enough, but the effect of the *ensemble* is far from dull. Only two significant adjectives—*dumpf* and *trübe*—which characterize the whole situation, are met by the weight of a few nouns which follow one another almost as rapidly as in direct enumeration: *Hütte, Meer, Sand, Wellen, Wolken, Regen*. One may notice the logical succession of the individual parts of the picture, which assigns the first place to the *sujet*—*Hütte*, the dwelling of Leander—then follows the *milieu*—*Meer, Sand, Wellen*—and finally the background of gloom is marked by *Wolken* and *Regen*.

Not so terse, though just as plastic, is the picture drawn in Grillparzer's Diary on his Italian Journey.<sup>84</sup> On reaching Sessana, the last stop before Trieste, he finds the landscape

<sup>83</sup> VII, p. 31.

<sup>84</sup> XIX, p. 197.



suddenly transformed into a desert. And this desert he now proceeds to describe: total absence of all signs of fertility; now and then, a solitary chestnut-tree, with withered leaves, and a few *crippled* mulberry bushes are sad reminders of what might have been. Rocks—a sea of cold, unsympathetic stone. And then the magnificent reflection which, reviewing the whole picture of utter desolation, attributes the lack of natural beauty to the curse of God. Only he who has ever beheld the distressing monotony of a vast expanse of desert land can fully appreciate the words: “Es war, als hätte Gott hier gestanden, als er nach dem Falle des Menschen den Fluch über die Erde aussprach.”

We do not look in vain for the counterpart of this picture of despair. It is drawn by the king, in *Die Jüdin von Toledo*,<sup>85</sup> who describes the immeasurable joy of the traveler in the Arabian desert, on finding, at last, the longed for oasis, the bountiful island of green in this endless sea of sand. No stronger contrast can be imagined than that which is here developed before our eyes, in utmost appreciation of nature's bounty:

Da blühen Blumen, winkt der Bäume Schatten,  
Der Kräuter Hauch steigt mildernd in die Luft  
Und wölbt sich unterm Himmel als ein zweiter.  
Zwar ringelt sich die Schlange unterm Busch,  
Ein reissend Tier, von gleichem Durst gequält,  
Fand etwa seinen Weg zur kühlen Quelle;  
Doch jubelt auch der Wanderer wegemüd,  
Und saugt mit gier'gem Mund den Labetrunk  
Und wirft sich in des Grases üpp'gen Wuchs.

No detail is here forgotten, though thoroughness is hardly the only merit of this description. The *sujet* of a painting must be evident from the *ensemble*, and that the present picture, even if the label *Oasis*, which Grillparzer places at the head of it (in the five lines which precede the above quotation), were lacking, would be just as intelligible and clear, needs no further argument. In addition to thoroughness and clearness, comes the painter's greatest merit: the naturalness of color

<sup>85</sup> IX, p. 206.

which endows the picture with such intensity of light and life. We feel the cool shade of the trees, we smell the fragrance of the herbs, and we appreciate with the weary wanderer the draught of refreshing water, as well as the rest-inviting couch of luxurious grass.

The overwhelming impression made upon Grillparzer by Mount Vesuvius is expressed in a beautiful description, almost five pages in length, in his *Diary on his Italian Journey*.<sup>86</sup> Well distributed, again, is the magnificent contrast of colors: green in the foothills, the higher portions, near the crater, black, set off by a deep-blue sky; glowing red the smoke at the summit, bluish-green the sea far below. No wonder that the inimitable combination of such colors aroused the greatest enthusiasm: "*. . . ich konnte während meines ganzen Aufenthalts in Neapel nicht satt werden, ihn zu betrachten und mich zu freuen.*" The hermitage at the danger-line appears to the poet like the boundary between the dominion of man and the unrestrained freedom of nature. Before crossing this boundary, which separates him from the black horror of the vast lava-fields, he turns his eyes once more to the gentle beauties of nature spread out at the base of the terrible volcano: Naples, Castell a Mare, Sorrento, Vico lie there amidst nature's charms. He bids them farewell, climbs higher and higher, until he finally stands with his feet on the superficially cooled surface of a fresh lava-stream. Instead of horror, his heart is full of enthusiasm and awe. He kneels at the throne of nature's majesty:

Habe Dank, Natur, dass es ein Land giebt, wo du heragehst aus deiner Werkeltagseschäftigkeit und dich erweisest als Götterbraut und Weltenkönigin, habe Dank! Und mir sei vergönnt, dich von Zeit zu Zeit zu schauen in deiner Majestät, wenn du mich lang genug ermüdet in deiner Alltäglichkeit!

We follow the poet still higher up, to the very side of the crater, which now begins to shower huge glowing boulders over all the surrounding country. A loftier spectacle of the power of nature is unimaginable: we feel that we are standing in the shadow of death.—The description of Mount

<sup>86</sup> XIX, pp. 226 ff.

Vesuvius ends almost abruptly with the climax itself which is, undoubtedly, the death-bringing crater; almost nothing at all is said about the following descent. This is not due, however, to the fact that the night had meantime come, but to the well-planned purpose of the poet. The entire picture of the great mountain is unfolded before us, as a panorama is unrolled by a cinematograph. We follow the various stages until the climax is reached, and here Grillparzer deliberately cuts the film in order to keep our attention concentrated upon the all-inspiring grandeur of nature.

Grillparzer's landscapes, in so far as they represent the reflection of impressions gained on travels abroad, are full of life, color and enthusiasm, but they are not the best which his hand was able to draw. Foglar remarks justly:<sup>87</sup> "The first and last, from which Grillparzer always derived the greatest pleasure, was and remained his immediate home-territory. Here were the very roots of his existence, and everything appeared glorified by his most faithful love for Austria." The patriot Grillparzer surpassed himself in his unusually plastic pictures of his own native land. Some of these need our attention. Primislaus<sup>88</sup> points in enthusiastic language to the beautifully situated bed of the Moldau River. He likens the river itself to the main artery of the whole country (Bohemia), the source of blood and life. The rich fertility of the surrounding country, and its mineral wealth, are to be inferred from the proposal of Primislaus to build ships on which the Moldau will carry

des Landes Überfluss

An Frucht, an Korn, an Silber und an Gold,

far beyond the Austrian border, to the distant sea.

The two best Austrian landscapes are contained in the ultra-Austrian tragedy *König Ottokars Glück und Ende*. One of these<sup>89</sup> is drawn by Emperor Rudolf himself, when he calls his son's attention to the fact that he has now, for the first time, set foot on Austrian soil. It is a description of the March-field on which Ottokar was to meet his fate. Rudolf calls it a splendid battle-field. This, however, is only inci-

<sup>87</sup> P. 85.

<sup>88</sup> *Libussa*, VIII, p. 203.

<sup>89</sup> VI, p. 133.



dental. The true purpose of a field is fertility, but fertility presupposes peace. Hence Rudolf's advice to his first-born, to devote himself to the maintenance of peace. The sight of the March-River intensifies this picture of peaceful fertility, while in the distance, "wo noch Nebel ringt," loom up the dim outlines of the great city of Vienna, with the fair Danube, a personification of Austria's wealth and power.—The other picture<sup>90</sup> is contained in Horneck's report to Emperor Rudolf, concerning the unjustified incarceration of his Lord, by Ottokar. Only an Austrian can paint a picture of Austria with such glowing colors; however, we are far from reproaching the poet for his patriotic partiality, and we are concerned here solely with the consideration of descriptive beauty. The painting speaks for itself:

Schaut rings umher, wohin der Blick sich wendet,  
Lacht's wie dem Bräutigam die Braut entgegen.  
Mit hellem Wiesengrün und Saatengold,  
Von Lein und Safran gelb und blau gestickt,  
Von Blumen süß durchwürzt und edlem Kraut,  
Schweift es in breitgestreckten Tälern hin—  
Ein voller Blumenstrauss, so weit es reicht,  
Vom Silberband der Donau rings umwunden—  
Hebt sich's empor zu Hügeln voller Wein,  
Wo auf und auf die goldne Traube hängt  
Und schwellend reift in Gottes Sonnenglanze;  
Der dunkle Wald voll Jagdlust krönt das Ganze,  
Und Gottes lauer Hauch schwebt drüber hin  
Und wärmt und reift und macht die Pulse schlagen,  
Wie nie ein Puls auf kalten Steppen schlägt.

So dazzling a display of colors—*grün, gold, gelb, blau, silbern*—cannot be found again in any other of the poet's landscapes. The whole represents, as he expressly states, *einen vollen Blumenstrauss*. Nuptial joy is spread out over this inimitable picture; love here rules supreme:

Und Gottes lauer Hauch schwebt drüber hin.

Grillparzer's ideas concerning poetry apparently make comparisons of subjects under discussion, with nature, a matter of

<sup>90</sup> VI, pp. 86, 87.

course. This accounts, perhaps, for the abundance of such comparisons a selection of which only can be considered here.

Like Heine, Grillparzer compares the characteristics of his sweetheart with those of a flower. His lyric language is not as simple and as fluent as that of the author of *Du bist wie eine Blume*, but his pictures are often just as bold:

Dass dein Kleid rosenrot,  
Find' ich recht fein,  
Kann's, wo der Gürtel schliesst,  
Anders wohl sein?  
Denn wo im Lenz ich sah  
Knöspchen am Rain  
Gaben sie ähnlichen  
Blassroten Schein.<sup>91</sup>

In the same poem, Grillparzer likens the eyes of his beloved to forget-me-nots, and her blond hair to the bright yellow of a maturing cornfield. In the poem *Begegnung*,<sup>92</sup> the countenance of the adored woman recalls roses,

... aber nicht wie rote,  
Wie weisser Rosen Schmelz im Morgentau,

and her beautiful gray eyes are bathed in dew. Her lips exhale the fragrance of flowers.—Individual beauty of woman is also expressed by means of individual flowers. This is done by Naukleros,<sup>93</sup> who, in speaking of the multitude of maidens that crowded about him and Leander, in Aphrodite's temple, distinguishes

... bunte Blumen,  
So Ros' als Nelke, Tulpe, Veilchen, Lilie—  
Ein Gänseblümchen auch wohl ab und zu—

Not only beauty, but also youth is often compared with flowers. *Eurer Jugend Blumenzeit*, says Jaqueline to Blanka;<sup>94</sup> Medea complains that Jason's ambition has killed *die schönen Blüten von dem Jugendbaum*,<sup>95</sup> and, in the same passage, she pleads with him to turn back once more to the beautiful time of youth and love:

<sup>91</sup> *Huldigungen*, II, pp. 30, 31.

<sup>92</sup> II, p. 36.

<sup>93</sup> VII, p. 33.

<sup>94</sup> X, p. 29.

<sup>95</sup> V, p. 191.

Nur einen Schritt komm in die schöne Zeit,  
Da wir in unsrer Jugend frischem Grünen  
Uns fanden an des Phasis Blumenstrand.

The period of youth and happiness, free from care and danger, is, likewise, characterized by Medea's sarcastic words addressed to her innocent and inexperienced rival Kreusa. The early part of life is here compared with a tiny boat drifting stream-downward, and Kreusa, the youthful occupant of the craft, clings *an des Ufers Blütenzweigen*.<sup>96</sup>—In a description of the virginal beauty of youth given by Phaon,<sup>97</sup> the same idea reoccurs, the fair form of Sappho having made upon him the impression of *Blumenhügel*.

Life itself is frequently called a tree. The best example, perhaps, for the poetic use of this metaphor is contained in Blanka's life-weary words:<sup>98</sup>

O lass mich sterben! An dem Baum des Lebens  
Ist mir im Keim ersticket jede Frucht,  
Soll traurig ich die welken Blätter sammeln,  
Bis sie der Tod von dürrer Ästen schüttelt?  
Gib mir den Tod, Allgütiger! den Tod!  
Des Lebens Freuden hast du mir genommen,  
So nimm denn auch dies kahle Leben hin!

The majority of other references merely speak of "Der Baum des Lebens"; the above quotation represents one of two passages in which the picture is fully drawn. The other may be found in the poem *Einem Soldaten*.<sup>99</sup>

To mention all the comparisons with nature which Grillparzer used would lead too far; a booklet, one half the size of Henkel's *Das Goethesche Gleichnis*, Halle, 1886, might easily be filled with a treatment of Grillparzer's metaphors, and details would be more in order there than here. For my present purpose a few indications must suffice.

In the poem *Worte des Abschieds*,<sup>100</sup> Grillparzer compares the voice of the Muses with the *Chor der Sphären*, the music of nature, which is intelligible only to the thorough student,

<sup>96</sup> V, p. 147.

<sup>98</sup> X, p. 192.

<sup>100</sup> III, pp. 24, 25.

<sup>97</sup> IV, p. 147.

<sup>99</sup> II, p. 140.



while the beginner misinterprets what he hears. On the other hand, the three Muses who favored our poet most (Melpomene, Terpsichore and Euterpe), made him feel the necessity of selecting a place where the natural surroundings would be most suitable. The poem *Wenn der Vogel singen will* . . . <sup>101</sup> shows us Grillparzer in search of such a place. The birds are here made bearers of the ideas of music and poetry:

Wenn der Vogel singen will,  
Sucht er einen Ast,  
Nur die Lerche trägt beim Sang  
Eigne leichte Last.  
Doch der Fink, die Nachtigall,  
Selbst der muntre Spatz,  
Wählen, eh die Kehle tönt,  
Für den Fuss den Platz.  
Gebt mir, wo ich stehen soll,  
Weist mir ein Gebiet,  
Und ich will euch wohl erfreu'n  
Noch mit manchem Lied.

In Germany rules storm and stress, in Austria *dunkelt's tief* and there is oppression from the clergy (*Dohlen schwarz*), ignorance among the bureaucracy (*Kauz und Eule*), nonsensical talk on the part of critics (*Staarmatz*), while the people at large (*Frösche*) show the traditional lack of intelligent appreciation. No wonder that Grillparzer does not know in which direction to turn:

Und so schweb' ich ew'gen Flugs  
Zwischen Erd' und Luft,  
Und kein Platz dem müden Fuss,  
Als dereinst die Gruft.

Very impressive is also the comparison of the soothing notes which, coming from the chapel where the funeral rites are held over the body of Count Borotin, penetrate the very soul of the patricide Jaromir, while silver swans glide softly over a troubled sea:<sup>102</sup>

Säuselt, säuselt, holde Töne,  
Säuselt lieblich um mich her,

<sup>101</sup> II, pp. 44, 45.

<sup>102</sup> IV, p. 115.

Sanft und weich, wie Silberschwäne  
Über ein bewegtes Meer.  
Schüttelt eure weichen Schwingen,  
Träufelt Balsam auf dies Herz,  
Lasst die Himmelslieder klingen,  
Einzuschläfern meinen Schmerz.

### III

#### GRILLPARZER'S INTERPRETATION OF NATURE

While, in the preceding chapter, I was concerned to show the range and character of Grillparzer's feeling for nature; what aspects of the outer world appealed to him most, and how this appeal is poetically denoted; the present chapter will be concerned more with the meaning of nature's message: in other words, with Grillparzer's interpretation of nature's voices, and his attitude toward nature as a whole. It is true that description and interpretation interblend more or less, so that it is not possible to keep them entirely apart; nevertheless, the distinction can be made in a rough way, and the present chapter is thus devoted to the consideration of those passages on the basis of which one may study the poet's philosophy of nature.

An analysis of Grillparzer's interpretation of nature is not a speculative matter, necessitating to read between the lines or to seek for some cryptic significance; on the contrary, the poet's language is at all times clear and free from disturbing circumlocutions.<sup>1</sup> Thus it is possible to base all conclusions upon actual facts rather than upon a number of loosely connected hypotheses.

In the first place, a multitude of passages show that, for Grillparzer, nature is not a mechanism but a conscious being. With him, all nature represents a living, feeling, and thinking personality. Nothing nature may do bears the least resemblance to the thoughtless indifference and mechanicalness with which many human beings perform their assigned tasks. In nature, then, there is, at all times, a pronounced consciousness

<sup>1</sup> Compare with this statement the words of Ehrhard, *Le Théâtre en Autriche*, Paris, 1900, p. 115: "His (Grillparzer's) lyric works have not the ingenuous charm or the transparent form of Goethe's *Lieder* or ballads. Although full of emotion, they reveal a certain painfulness and calculation, which at times culminate in obscurity."



of purpose, from which alone may spring her joy of living. Most keen is nature's ambition in the early hours of morning when, with a new day, begins new activity, new life, new joy. The sun *knows* what he is doing as he pours his red light over the tree-tops, the bushes become *alive* with the song of birds, even grass and foliage reflect new energy in the nightly dew which the morning-sun has not yet been able to remove, and the lark sings a *herzerhebend Jubellied*.<sup>2</sup>

Und alles wacht und lebt und freut sich seines Lebens.

The mere consciousness of being light, *i. e.*, beauty, is not sufficient to satisfy the sun, but coupled with it is the realization of the function of light.<sup>3</sup> Consciousness of purpose, now, results in calm contentment with the circumstances in which nature lives: her path lies outlined before her, and her duty is a source of pleasure, rather than of misery. This idea is set forth in the poem *Pflanzenwelt*.<sup>4</sup> The same poem shows also that nature's heart knows nothing of envy. The fragrance of the rose thus fails to fill the lofty oak with shame, and the rose itself continues to fulfil *its* purpose, undisturbed by the fact that it has nothing to give but fragrance, while a sloe-tree, in its immediate neighborhood, is laden down with fruit. The importance, according to Grillparzer, lies with the genus rather than with the species, with the cause itself rather than with the effect. Or, as Bertha significantly expresses it:<sup>5</sup>

Schmetterlinge, bunte Gaukler,  
Die die keusche Rose küssen,  
Aber nicht, weil sie die *Rose*,  
Weil sie eine *Blume* ist.

Another phase of nature's consciousness is her obedience to law. Nature is thus aware of the eternal law by which it is governed, and it at all times obeys the law. This law of nature, which Kascha<sup>6</sup> calls *Nötigung*, is universal, wise, unchangeable, and ever-valid. Without law there is anarchy and chaos. The Rhine, therefore (cf. the poem *Diplomatisch*)<sup>7</sup> obediently follows the path which God (nature) has mapped out; the

<sup>2</sup> *Wer ist schuldig?*, X, p. 237.

<sup>4</sup> IV, p. 48.

<sup>6</sup> VIII, p. 169.

<sup>3</sup> *Treuer Diener*, VI, p. 211.

<sup>5</sup> I, p. 174.

<sup>7</sup> II, p. 102.

river is conscious of the consequences which would arise from disobedience:

Denn ohne Ufer wär' er Überschwemmung,  
Ein greulich Mittelding von See und Sumpf,  
Aus dem die Sonne feuchte Nebel zieht,  
Von Unken nur bewohnt und ihrer Brut.

According to this law, nature is ever new, because the process of reproduction is constantly going on. Every spring brings a fresh supply of foliage, and this takes the place of last year's foliage which is now a matter of the past: Πάντα ῥεῖ. Individual strength is most essential for him who deserves to remain on the surface of this rapidly flowing stream: the weak must perish in order to make room for the development of their superiors in endurance and vitality: the survival of the fittest is a physical necessity. In *Jugenderinnerungen im Grünen*<sup>8</sup> Grillparzer alludes to this law.

The law of nature, now, embodies not only physical, but also economic, logical and moral principles. Grillparzer does not neglect any of these, but rather than mention them as parts of the law, he assigns a place to them as components of nature's personality. The economic character of nature is emphasized in various places. Nature herself represents wealth. This wealth is safe in the hands of nature, because she is a thrifty manager who distributes it wisely and fairly. A lavish expenditure, carefully noted on one page of her ledger, is balanced, on the other, by conscientious economy. So in *Fortschrittsmänner*:<sup>9</sup>

Allein bedenkt doch! Die Natur ist sparsam  
Mit Gleichem, seit dem Anfang hält sie Haus,  
Was allzuviel, nimmt 'rück sie in Gewahrsam  
Und gleicht durch Kargheit die Verschwendung aus.

On the other hand, nature's thoroughness is a safeguard against losses. All she undertakes is finished and complete.

The infallible logic and consistency of nature is referred to with almost exactly the same words. It is impossible for nature to contradict herself (cf. *Sappho* and *Blanka*),<sup>10</sup> for

<sup>8</sup> I, p. 229.

<sup>9</sup> II, p. 205.

<sup>10</sup> IV, p. 183, and X, p. 186.

the very reason that nature is embodied truth. This is poetically expressed by Gregor (*Weh dem, der lügt!*):<sup>11</sup>

Wahr ist die ganze kreisende Natur;  
 Wahr ist der Wolf, der brüllt, eh er verschlingt,  
 Wahr ist der Donner, drohend, wenn es blitzt,  
 Wahr ist die Flamme, die von fern schon sengt,  
 Die Wasserflut, die heulend Wirbel schlägt;  
 Wahr sind sie, weil sie sind, weil Dasein Wahrheit.

Here lies the great contrast between nature and man, between God and his fallen image. Rudolf (*Bruderzwist*),<sup>12</sup> as well as Pedro (*Blanka*),<sup>13</sup> deplore the sad condition of affairs which leaves such an abyss between the lofty path of the god-head and the crooked road of cunning and deception trodden by the erring foot of man.

The logical element leads over directly to the moral. The conscious choice of truth, in preference to untruth, is one of nature's many virtues. The heart of nature is true and pure! A pure heart, now, shudders at the thought of evil, and is horrified by depravity. So Jaromir<sup>14</sup> is obliged to continue on his terrible path of wanton bloodshed, in spite of nature's revolt, and the mere sight of Don Pedro's<sup>15</sup> wretched counselors causes nature to shrink away in horror. Only he who is free from sin has the right to cast the first stone. Nature, therefore, is entitled to the privilege of avenging wrong. She is the power to which man appeals in the moment of extreme agony, when he realizes his own helplessness. "*Von euch, ihr Kraniche dort oben,*" Schiller's Ibykus exclaims, and Grillparzer's Phryxus<sup>16</sup> expresses exactly the same idea when he appeals to the thunder of the gods, to wreak vengeance upon his faithless host:

So treffe dich der Götter Donnerfluch,  
 Der über dem rollt, der die Treue bricht.

Nature herself, however, does not look upon the act of vengeance as a pleasurable privilege, but as a duty; and in the performance of duty she is pitiless and unrestrainable. It

<sup>11</sup> VIII, p. 12.

<sup>12</sup> X, p. 103.

<sup>13</sup> X, p. 113.

<sup>12</sup> IX, p. 25.

<sup>14</sup> IV, p. 119.

<sup>15</sup> V, p. 30.



falls to Leander's lot to make this sad experience, and Hero<sup>17</sup> calls attention to the plight of her swimming lover, in his futile struggle against the raging elements. In vain is his appeal to the sympathy of nature; sea, storm and darkness unite for his destruction; nature loses heart, ear and eye, in this lofty combat between right and wrong. Leander must pay the penalty for his guilt. This avenging rôle of nature is evident also indirectly from the method pursued by her in making wrong visible, for the protection of right. We have to deal here with the mark of Cain, by means of which nature desires to warn and frighten:

Mit blut'ger Flammenschrift hat die Natur  
Auf deinem Antlitz "Mörder" dich gescholten.

With these significant words Fedriko<sup>18</sup> shows that he is aware of Haro's character, and that he divines the latter's gloomy mission. At times, the very aspect of nature may frighten the evil-doer and make him drop his nefarious schemes. This causes Medea, who has once before yielded to the unrighteous demand of her father, to refuse him obedience a second time. Even though this refusal be only temporary—Aietes finally wins her over by proving to her that the lives of himself and Absyrtus are at stake—Medea's wavering sufficiently establishes the point:<sup>19</sup>

Glaubst du, ich könnt's, ich vermöcht' es?  
Hundertmal hab' ich aufgeblickt  
Zu den glänzenden Zeichen  
Am Firmament der Nacht,  
Und alle hundert Male  
Sanken meine Blicke,  
Von Schreck getroffen, unbelehrt,  
Es schien der Himmel mir ein aufgerolltes Buch,  
Und *Mord* darauf geschrieben, tausendfach,  
Und *Rache* mit demantnen Lettern  
Auf seinem schwarzen Grund.

Grillparzer appears to be extremely careful to make the interpretation of nature as a moral power as complete as possible. A being with the consciousness of right and wrong,

<sup>17</sup> VII, p. 95.

<sup>18</sup> X, p. 133.

<sup>19</sup> V, p. 41.

without ever doing wrong, cannot be devoid of the sense of justice. Nature, therefore, is called *blind*,<sup>20</sup> and her ideal impartiality is emphasized in *Blanka*.<sup>21</sup> Rich and poor, king and beggar, find like favor in nature's eyes, and the fairest gift which she has bestowed upon all, without discrimination, is the very reflection of her ideal goodness which appears in man as *reine Menschlichkeit*:

Der schöne Name Mensch, den die Natur  
Dem Bettler wie dem König gütig gab,  
Den schönsten, den sie ihnen geben konnte.<sup>22</sup>

Again, Grillparzer looks upon nature as the visible personification of the ideas of eternity and freedom. Only the deity rules forever—the law of nature is ever the same. What a contrast, therefore, between nature and man who is constantly changing in accordance with the circumstances.

So wandellos, sich gleich ist die Natur,  
So wandelbar der Mensch und sein Geschick,

says Medea,<sup>23</sup> while Scipio,<sup>24</sup> boasting of the regularity of the Roman machinery of state, likens it to the perpetuity of nature:

Vom Wechsel frei und unaufhaltsam, wie  
Der Wesen Kreis im Umschwung der Natur,  
Geht unsers Staates immer kreisend Rad;  
Das Einzelne wird wohl erwägt, das Ganze—  
Wie Winter sich und Sommer, Herbst und Lenz  
Mit Sturm und Sonne, Herbst und Blüte folgen—  
Bleibt sich in ewig gleichen Bahnen gleich.

In numerous passages, nature appears as the idea of freedom. This alone is an inspiration to the poet who, like a bird in the cage, is unable to sing,<sup>25</sup> unless he shares the freedom of nature. This freedom, the *breath of nature*, in Rustan's

<sup>20</sup> *Die Tänzerin*, III, p. 21.

<sup>21</sup> X, p. 155:

Die Macht zum Grossen kommt von innen, und  
Parteiisch hat nie die Natur geteilt;  
Es blüht in jedes Menschen stolzer Brust  
Die Zeugen der Gottähnlichkeit.

<sup>22</sup> X, p. 45.

<sup>24</sup> *Hannibal*, XII, p. 130.

<sup>23</sup> V, p. 217.

<sup>25</sup> II, p. 175.

language,<sup>26</sup> is "the mother of all," the uplifting influence of the universe, and only he who is free is capable of an intelligent appreciation of nature.<sup>27</sup> Without freedom, nature is an impossibility: the very roots of nature's strength are planted in this precious soil, and they will suffer no interference. The young pine-tree will break the yoke imposed by human hands, and the unfortunate plant grown in the hot-house<sup>28</sup> betrays by its pallor the nearness of death. An attempt to pacify the roaring of the wind, and to subdue the mighty upheaval of the sea<sup>29</sup> is a ridiculous exhibition of human frailty, for nature is free, *knows* freedom, and claims it as her privilege. Woe unto him who dares encroach upon her sacred rights:

Denn der Natur allher notwend'ge Mächte,  
Sie hassen, was sich freie Bahnen zieht,  
Als vorenthalten ihrem ew'gen Rechte,  
Und reissen's lauernd in ihr Machtgebiet.<sup>30</sup>

To the poet belongs all nature. Not only a part of the god-head, but God Himself:

Wo warst du denn, als man die Welt geteilet?  
Ich war, sprach der Poet, bei dir.<sup>31</sup>

Thus all nature is, for Grillparzer, not only an inspiration of poetry, but rather poetry itself. This makes nature an end, not a means, and nature and poetry become inseparable. There is poetry in a landscape, in a waterfall, in a tree which has been set aflame by lightning, in the fragrance of flowers, and in the chorus of the birds. Nature speaks in rhythmic language, and all the poet has to do is to transcribe the voice of nature, not imitate it. Grillparzer faithfully recorded what he saw and heard, and thus his nature-poetry is the result of his communication with nature. The wonderful interpretation of nature's voice in the poem *Am Hügel*,<sup>32</sup> is so clear that further comment seems unnecessary:

O Hügel! sanft von Steinen aufgeschichtet,  
Die saftig Gras und Alpenmoos umzieht,

<sup>26</sup> VII, p. 174.

<sup>27</sup> *Nachruf*, II, p. 71.

<sup>28</sup> I, p. 129.

<sup>29</sup> I, p. 143.

<sup>27</sup> *Klosterscene*, I, p. 202.

<sup>28</sup> *Blanka*, X, p. 47.

<sup>31</sup> Schiller, *Teilung der Erde*.



Von deinem Haupt ein Baum emporgerichtet,  
 An dem die Vogelbeere glüht;  
 Indes am Fuss, in buntgemischter Reihe,  
 Der Schwarzbeer' dunkle Frucht und helles Kraut,  
 Hoch überragt von Weidrichs Veilchenbläue,  
 Dir einen Thron, sich eine Freistatt baut;  
 Wie schön blickst du herab von deiner Höhe,  
 Wie würdig stellst du dich dem Auge dar!  
 Der Wanderer steht entzückt in deiner Nähe,  
 Und sucht beinah nach Weihort und Altar.  
 Gewiss auch, rollten noch die alten Zeiten,  
 Da unentzweit der Gott und die Natur,  
 Ein Schutzgott würde hier sich Sitz bereiten,  
 Wo Gräser jetzt, hilflose Blumen nur.  
 Doch, da ich solches kaum gewagt zu denken,  
 Straft Lügen mich ein schauerndes Gefühl;  
 Ich fühle Geister sich herniedersenken,  
 Und mich umlispeln in der Winde Spiel.  
 Erinnerung kommt, der stillvertraute Zeuge  
 Von dem, was einst das Glück mir hier verlieh.  
 Und wie geschlossnen Augs ich mich hinüberneige,  
 An ihrer Hand die Poesie.

Let us now consider Grillparzer's feeling for *Solitude*. On this subject we get light from what he says of Rousseau in his *Studien zur Literatur*.<sup>33</sup> Rousseau is there characterized as the egotist par excellence, whose every thought and act centers around his own person, and who seeks solitude only "because there only did he find the only thing of interest to him in all the world, viz., himself, his thoughts, his emotions!" Grillparzer then goes on to show that Rousseau, notwithstanding his own opinion in this matter, was ruled by his thoughts rather than by his feelings, by his intellect rather than by his heart. Such a condition, especially in solitude, has fatal results according to Grillparzer:

Wenn man sich seinen Gedanken, zumal in der Einsamkeit, ganz hingibt, so verschlingen sie die ganze Welt, nähren sich mit allem, was darin für sie geniessbar ist, und bleiben zuletzt allein mit dem, der sie trägt, in einer wesens- und freudenlosen Wüste.

<sup>33</sup> XVI, pp. 131 ff.

The egotistic attitude of Rousseau toward the world could find no echo of understanding, to say nothing of approval, with a man who, like Grillparzer, was *all* heart, *all* feeling. And yet, Grillparzer calls himself the brother of Rousseau; like Jason, he feels "Voll Selbstheit, nicht des Nutzens, doch des Sinnes." As a matter of fact, Grillparzer's interpretation of solitude has little resemblance to that of Rousseau. There is no relation whatever between the two men, in spite of the *fraternal* allusion mentioned above. The satire which Grillparzer's Mephistopheles pours over Rousseau's doctrine best expresses the poet's personal attitude in the matter:<sup>84</sup>

Muss doch ein wenig spionieren,  
Wo mein vertrackter Doktor ist,  
Der nach Rousseau auf allen Vieren  
Hier unter dieses Waldes Tieren  
Des Glücks, ein Mensch zu sein, genießt  
Und Wasser säuft und Eicheln frisst.

And in the same passage we hear Faust complain that solitude has not bestowed upon him those blessings which he expected—rest and peace:

O Einsamkeit, wie hast du mich betrogen,  
Als ich an deinen stillen Busen floh,  
Du hast mir Ruh und Friede vorgelogen,  
Und ach! nun find' ich dich nicht so!

This passage can be interpreted only in the light of the preceding one: Grillparzer here means that one who seeks solitude, as Rousseau did, will not derive the satisfaction which would be his if he went solely with the purpose of being in direct communication with nature herself. Like Rousseau, Grillparzer is fond of seclusion, but his love of solitude is a matter of his soul, not of his intellect, and his appreciation of the beauty of solitude springs, therefore, from an entirely different source. The conscious longing for solitude on Grillparzer's part lies in his character—the poet is melancholy; hostile to the noisy pleasures of society; full of fantastic dreams, and hence often uncommunicative; endowed with the vibrating nerves of a musician which are easily unbalanced. On the other hand, the

<sup>84</sup> *Faust*, XI, p. 255, 256.

poet's longing for solitude is, to a certain extent, also the result of his personal experiences: like a haven of rest and safety seem to the misunderstood, wronged and persecuted poet the arms of solitude. His anxiety to be alone with nature arises from causes similar to those which make Lord Byron seek solitude, but while Byron is fond of solitary communion with nature when the latter is in an angry mood, Grillparzer prefers the quiet of solitude; and, unlike Rousseau who would wander about aimlessly, unconcerned whether he would find his way back or not,<sup>35</sup> Grillparzer is, at times, overcome with fear that he has ventured too far beyond the realm of man; blindly he has followed the muse to a lofty height which the voice of the world can hardly reach:

Halt ein, Unselige! Halt ein!  
 Wohin verlockst du mich?  
 Über Berge bin ich gekommen,  
 Durch Schlünde dir gefolgt.  
 Kein Pfad ist, wo ich trete, keine Spur,  
 Fern herauf tönt der Menschen Stimme,  
 Tönt der Herden fröhliches Geläut'  
 Und des Waldbachs Rauschen.<sup>36</sup>

Generally, however, Grillparzer finds in solitude what he longs for: rest, quiet, happiness. Phaon's words<sup>37</sup> well express the deep significance which Grillparzer attaches to quiet solitude:

Wohl mir! Hier ist es still. Des Gastmahls Jubel,  
 Der Zimbelspieler Lärm, der Flöten Töne,  
 Der losgelassnen Freude lautes Regen,  
 Es tönt nicht bis hier unter diese Bäume,  
 Die, leise flüsternd, wie besorgt, zu stören,  
 Zu einsamer Betrachtung freundlich laden.

This preference for solitude is the only trait which Sappho and Phaon have in common, but even here there is a contrast between the two, caused by the difference in purpose which guides either along the path of loneliness. Phaon seeks soli-

<sup>35</sup> Cf. Rousseau, ed. Hachette, VIII, p. 116: "Un jour entre autres, m'étant à dessein détourné pour voir de près un lieu qui me parut admirable, je m'y plus si fort et j'y fis tant de tours que je me perdis enfin tout-à-fait."

<sup>36</sup> *Die tragische Muse*, I, p. 159.

<sup>37</sup> IV, p. 156.



tude because he loves—Melitta, while Sappho's longing is prompted by the needs of genius: *Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille*.<sup>38</sup> In Sappho, Grillparzer shows not only the relation between poetry and reality, between genius and man, but in establishing this relation, he permits us at the same time to look deep into his own tormented heart. Sappho expresses Grillparzer's own feelings when, overcome by disappointment and despair, she would rather be banished into the solitude of nature *with* the belief in Phaon's love than continue life in her present surroundings, where Phaon's treachery brought such unspeakable misery upon her. With rough hands Phaon has severed the relations between genius and man, and the realization of his own position overcomes Grillparzer when he lets Rhamnes word Sappho's epitaph thus:<sup>39</sup>

Es war auf Erden ihre Heimat nicht.  
Sie ist zurückgekehret zu den Ihren.

Medea, also, seeks solitude, but although, like Sappho, she is prompted to flee the world because of despair, she is lashed into the closest possible communion with nature by the furies of her guilty conscience:<sup>40</sup>

Mich sende zurück  
In das Innre des Landes, Vater,  
Tief, wo nur Wälder und dunkles Geklüft,  
Wo kein Auge hindringt, kein Ohr, keine Stimme,  
Wo nur die Einsamkeit und ich.

What does Medea seek in this dark wilderness where she may be alone with herself and with nature? She seeks the godhead in its very temple, because only in solitude is it possible to worship nature. And that is Medea's aim. She is anxious to prostrate herself before the deity, to confess and to obtain absolution. The same comfort and blessing which she here expects from solitude actually comes to her later when fair pictures of long-forgotten happiness, pictures of the beloved home of her childhood-days, bring a smile of relief to her sorrowful countenance upon which is already engraved the somber determination to murder her own blood.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>38</sup> Goethe, *Tasso*.

<sup>40</sup> V, p. 81.

<sup>39</sup> IV, p. 227.

<sup>41</sup> V, p. 217.

Willkommen, holde, freundliche Gestalten,  
Sucht ihr mich heim in meiner Einsamkeit?

In solitude, then, our imagination develops greater activity and our heart is purified because of the immediate contact with nature—God. Solitude opens the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf. We not only see the beauty of nature, but we also hear her voice. Thus Hero<sup>42</sup> converses with the echo, and the gentle splashing of the waves of the Hellespont beneath her brings her a whispered message. In this close contact with nature, Hero feels confident,<sup>43</sup> the strength necessary for performing her sacred function will return to her.

The influence of solitude upon character is described by Drahomira,<sup>44</sup> who attributes the filial affection of her younger child to the fact that he was brought up *fern von der Menschen Aufenthalt*, in close communion with nature. For him it is impossible to forget the laws of nature, and to turn against his own mother, like the first-born son. Nursed at nature's very bosom, he has imbibed the divine lesson (which, by the way, is not Christian!)

zu hassen, wer ihn hasst,  
Und wer ihm wohlthut, den zu lieben.

Man has, at all times, been attracted by that which he is unable to grasp, and which he can, therefore, only divine. This mystic element, which forms part of every religion, is consequently closely associated with nature by any person who undertakes a pantheistic interpretation of nature. That Grillparzer is one of these has appeared from the preceding discussion of a number of passages, especially from those which interpret nature as the moral ideal, but the matter may become more firmly established by these lines which are intended to show Grillparzer's attitude toward the mystic forces of nature. This subject is of no little importance for the understanding of his nature-cult.

From his early youth on, the poet's imagination fed upon the mysteries of nature, which he connected with his immediate surroundings. In his *Autobiography*<sup>45</sup> we read:

<sup>42</sup> VII, p. 50.

<sup>44</sup> XI, p. 114.

<sup>43</sup> VII, p. 47.

<sup>45</sup> XIX, p. 14.

. . . Da war denn der Gebote und Verbote kein Ende, und an ein Herumlaufen ohne Aufsicht war gar nicht zu denken. Besonders hatte der der Gartenmauer zugekehrte hintere Rand des Teiches, der nie betreten wurde, für mich etwas höchst Mysteriöses, und ohne etwas Bestimmtes dabei zu denken, verlegte ich unter die breiten Lattichblätter und dichten Gesträuche alle die Schauer und Geheimnisse, mit denen in unsrer Stadtwohnung das "Holzgewölbe" bevölkert war.

This can mean nothing else than that the *Ahnung* of the inexplicable, of the divine in nature, had entered his heart even at this early stage of life. The *Ahnung* subsequently grows into consciousness, and this consciousness appears not infrequently in his works, although, with the exception of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* and *Medea*, the references are mostly distributed among the earlier dramas. It is interesting to observe that Grillparzer's mystic interpretation of nature centers, in the main, in water and darkness (night).

The mystic force in water which brings destruction to man (mythologically personified as water-nix, mermaid, etc.) is expressed in the poem *Herkules und Hylas*.<sup>46</sup>

Denn, als den Krug in emsigen Händen,  
Übergebogen in den spiegelnden See,  
Er am Ufer schöpfend gestanden,  
Hab' es gequollen vom Grund in die Höh—  
Glänzende Stirn' und Augen und Wangen  
Und zwei Hände, von denen umfassen,  
Hylas versank in dem wallenden See.

And the unknown power which stirs up the sea and which causes all nature to tremble, is referred to in the following metaphor, in *Spartakus*.<sup>47</sup>

Ein unergründet, tief bewegtes Meer  
Ist dieses Wilden seltsam fremdes Wesen;  
Du siehst die Wellen an einander rauschen  
Und an des Himmels, an des Orkus Toren  
Mit ungestümen Häuptern wechselnd pochen,  
Mit aufgesperrrtem, schwarzem Schreckensrachen  
Was sich ihm zagend nahet, wild verschlingen;  
Doch was des Sturmes Toben aufgeregt,

<sup>46</sup> II, p. 38.

<sup>47</sup> XI, p. 135.



Die Macht, die mit gewalt'ger Riesenfaust  
 Die Wasser, die geruhig schlummerten,  
 Aufschreckt und ballt und durch die Lüfte schleudert,  
 Dass drob die Erde bebt, die Winde heulen,  
 Das liegt verborgen in den dunkeln Tiefen,  
 Und keines Menschen Aug hat es erspäht.

Night, on the other hand, is mystically interpreted because of the concomitant idea of darkness, which breeds horror. So the priest, in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*.<sup>48</sup>

Komm mit! Es sinkt die Nacht  
 Und brütet über ungeschehne Dinge.

More at length, Drahomira<sup>49</sup> dwells upon the same idea:

Noch deckt die Nacht mit dunkeln Drachenfittich  
 Die stillen Räume der entschlafnen Erde,  
 Und brütet über schwarzen Greuelthaten,  
 Die sie, entschlüpft dem mütterlichen Ei,  
 Mit Blut nährt und mit Fleisch von Menschenleichen.

And Bertha<sup>50</sup> intensifies the description of the horror of night by conceiving the howling winds as *Nachtgespenster*, thus mystically personifying the voice of nature. However, this voice does not always inspire horror, but is often gently soothing and comforting. Night, darkness, is the most auspicious place for the mysterious voice of the godhead: no one knows this better than Hero's uncle, the priest, hence his advice to her:<sup>51</sup>

Ich riet dir oft, in still verborgner Nacht  
 Zu nahen unsrer Göttin Heiligtum  
 Und dort zu lauschen auf die leisen Stimmen,  
 Mit denen wohl das Überird'sche spricht.

This mystic manifestation of the deity favored by the cover of night is referred to also by Phaon;<sup>52</sup> only in this instance the lips of nature breathe words of love:

Nur ich stand schweigend auf und ging hinaus  
 Ins einsam stille Reich der heil'gen Nacht.

<sup>48</sup> VII, p. 89.

<sup>50</sup> IV, p. 15.

<sup>52</sup> IV, p. 146.

<sup>49</sup> XI, p. 117.

<sup>51</sup> VII, p. 13.

Dort, an den Pulsen der süß schlummernden Natur,  
In ihres Zaubers magisch-mächt'gen Kreisen,  
Da breitet' ich die Arme nach dir aus.

A magic-mystic veil is spread over the figure of Medea in whom I have attempted to show a personification of darkness and night.

Des Nachts aber geht sie gespenstisch hervor,  
says Absyrtus<sup>53</sup> with regard to his sister, and the art itself which Medea practises is mystic: mystic-black, therefore, are also all her attributes, as well as the place where she dwells. Medea thus holds in her hands a black staff, and her retreat is "a somber den, in the interior of a tower." She is Mysticism personified. The forces of nature not only obey her, but also speak *through* her. In Medea's mother I see Nature herself. This accounts for Medea's mysterious endowment, to which the weak Aietes appeals for help:<sup>54</sup>

Du bist klug, du bist stark,  
Dich hat die Mutter gelehrt  
Aus Kräutern, aus Steinen  
Tränke bereiten,  
Die den Willen binden  
Und fesseln die Kraft;  
Du rufst Geister  
Und besprichst den Mond.  
Hilf mir, mein gutes Kind.

Mystic, also, is Medea's language. When she calls upon the forces of nature at her command, her conjuring formula is worded thus:<sup>55</sup>

Die ihr einhergeht im Gewande der Nacht  
Und auf des Sturmes Fittichen wandelt!  
Furchtbare Fürsten der Tiefe! . . .  
Erscheinet! Erscheinet!

When she offers the poisoned draught to Jason,<sup>56</sup> she takes care to mention the various ingredients. Mystic is the potion itself, and mystic, therefore, must be its result—death!:

<sup>53</sup> V, p. 35.

<sup>55</sup> V, p. 51.

<sup>54</sup> V. p. 14.

<sup>56</sup> V, p. 108.

Den Becher hier nimm!  
 Vom Honig des Berges,  
 Vom Tau der Nacht  
 Und der Milch der Wölfin  
 Braust darin gegoren ein Trank.

Medea, as personification of Mysticism, has a tragic fate, and her very guilt is based upon her magic-mystic power. Symbolically, this might mean that Grillparzer condemned mysticism from a rationalistic viewpoint. However, this is somewhat hypothetical. On the other hand, if this could be proven, it would furnish a valuable suggestion for the development of the idea of mysticism in Grillparzer's mind, for the following fact would then be obvious: he condemns in 1820 (*Das goldene Vliess*), what he had sanctioned in 1818 (*Sappho*), while he returns to his original views regarding mysticism in 1831 (*Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*). However this may be, one point is certain: the sources of information for the study of Grillparzer's mystic interpretation of nature are sufficiently rich in his earlier works, while the supply grows scant as the poet grows older. This needs to be emphasized, because the same is not true, so far as references to nature are concerned, which may be found everywhere.

To appeal to nature for sympathy, *i. e.*, to interpret her as a personality which takes an interest in the affairs of man, is not new. However, this does not concern us. The direct appeal to nature for sympathy and relief presupposes implicit faith in her power to respond, and it will be logical, therefore, to show first to what extent Grillparzer endows nature with this necessary power.

The roots of nature's sympathy are embedded in her universal charity. Not infrequently Grillparzer attributes a comforting influence to the sources of light. Thus in the poems *An die Sonne*.<sup>57</sup>

Du verscheuchest den Schlaf, der mit allmächtigen  
 Schwingen jeglichen Menschen deckt,  
 Der im quälenden Traum folttert den Erdensohn,  
 Den du *gütig* der Qual entreisst;

and *An den Mond*.<sup>58</sup>

<sup>57</sup> II, r. 77.

<sup>58</sup> II, p. 78.



Manchen drücket schwerer Kummer,  
 Manchen lastet Qual und Pein;  
 Doch du wiegst in sanften Schlummer  
*Tröstend ihn, voll Mitleid ein.*

The same idea is set forth in a passage of the *Ahnfrau*,<sup>59</sup> where Bertha calls Jaromir's attention to the mercy of God whose sunrays cast the golden light of hope and comfort over the very scaffold upon which punishment is meted out to the murderer.—At times, though rarely, even darkness, which Grillparzer generally invests with horror, appears sympathetic. In the poem *Vision*,<sup>60</sup> death, *i. e.*, darkness, expressly referred to as *Nachtgewölk* is not cruel enough to carry out its gloomy mission, in view of the many hearts which beat in love for Emperor Francis:

Nicht über meinen Auftrag geht die Pflicht;  
 Ich ward gesandt, ein einzig Herz zu brechen,  
 So viele Tausend Herzen brech' ich nicht!

In the same way, darkness is once referred to as the reflection of human misery. In this reflection appears the idea of sympathy, since nature mourns the fate of man:<sup>61</sup>

Als diese Nacht ich schlaflos stieg vom Lager  
 Und, öffnend meiner Hütte niedre Tür,  
 Aus jenem Dunkel trat in neues Dunkel,  
 Da lag das Meer vor mir mit seinen Küsten,  
 Ein schwarzer Teppich, ungeteilt, zu schau'n,  
 Wie eingehüllt in Trauer und in Gram.

The last line is significant, because it establishes, in this instance, sympathy as the cause of darkness.

A number of passages have a sympathetic-mystic character. In the poem *Der Selbstmörder*<sup>62</sup> nature prevents, with all means at her command, a suicide from carrying out his plan. The very consciousness on the part of the suicide that he is watched by nature, that nature takes an interest in him, and, as moral ideal, strives to prevent wrong, is sufficient to arrest him, and his bad conscience is unable to endure nature's scrutinizing glance. Not satisfied with her effect upon the suicide's

<sup>59</sup> IV, p. 78.

<sup>61</sup> VII, p. 52.

<sup>60</sup> I, p. 183.

<sup>62</sup> II, p. 168.

eye, nature seeks to make an impression also upon his ear, and with a mighty voice she imparts the sympathetic lesson:

Wo wir stehn, da fällt niemand, als zwingender Gewalt.

Sympathy, likewise, is expressed by the voice of nature which transmits a greeting from beyond the grave. So Sappho:<sup>63</sup>

Hier, wo Zypressen von der Eltern Grab  
Mir leisen Geistergruss herüberlispeln.

The same sympathetic connection which nature establishes between life and death, between the known and the mystic, appears also from Count Borotin's words:<sup>64</sup>

Sieh, mein Sohn, ich bin ein Greis;  
Die Natur winkt mir zu Grabe,

which do not merely represent a poetic phrase for "Ich bin alt und muss sterben!"

The interest which nature takes in man is evinced further by her absolute secrecy, in which man may trust. Nature is omniscient; nothing can escape her attention, and her eyes rest constantly upon the fate of man: cf. the words of Gora:<sup>65</sup>

Dem Herakles . . .  
Hin sank er, und des Oeta waldiger Rücken  
Sah ihn vergehn, in Flammen vergehn!

And Hero,<sup>66</sup> full of confidence in the sympathetic secrecy of nature, replies to her uncle's suspicious inquiries with a brief:

Die Lüfte wissen's;  
Doch sie verschweigen's auch.

On the other hand, the fact that nature is omniscient makes it possible for her to sound a sympathetic note of warning, long before the actual catastrophe occurs. Jason, immediately after placing himself in possession of the dragon-guarded fleece, perceives a sigh in the foliage above, and a voice behind him cries "Wehe!" indicating that his daring feat will bring about his downfall.

These are the principal characteristics upon which Grillparzer bases nature's sympathetic power, and we may now

<sup>63</sup> IV, p. 142.

<sup>65</sup> V, p. 181.

<sup>64</sup> IV, p. 50.

<sup>66</sup> VII, p. 70.

turn to the consideration of those passages which contain man's direct appeal to nature for sympathy.

In appealing to nature for assistance, man pleads his cause before the highest tribunal. The poet himself (*Zwischen Gäta und Capua*)<sup>67</sup> takes refuge with nature as the only power which is able to afford him relief:

Nun denn, versuch' es,  
Eden der Lust,  
Ebne die Wogen  
Auch dieser Brust!

and in midwinter (*Ständchen*),<sup>68</sup> surrounded by ice and snow, he calls upon the ice to cool the glowing passion of his breast. For the same reason, Hero<sup>69</sup> appeals to the gentle night breeze which is not only to fan the flames that rage in her heart, but to bring her a message from the one she loves. The whole passage is a fine example of nature's sympathetic voice which sounds like music in the poet's ear:

Komm, Wind der Nacht,  
Und kühle mir das Aug, die heißen Wangen!  
Kommst du doch übers Meer von ihm,  
Und, o dein Rauschen und der Blätter Lispeln,  
Wie Worte klingt es mir: von ihm mir: ihm, von ihm.

Grillparzer's loftiest interpretation of nature lies in his identification of nature with love. Nature, now, as the ideal of love, has particular attraction for lovers who *feel* the relation of their own position to that of nature, and who, consequently, appeal to her sympathy more frequently and with greater assurance. Grillparzer often makes use of this sentimental appeal to the sympathy of nature, and the passage just quoted represents but one example out of many. It must be observed here that the interpretation, from Grillparzer's point of view, is considerably affected by the introduction of love. For lovers, darkness (night) loses its heretofore so much emphasized suggestion of horror. Every attribute of nature is now viewed from the standpoint of sympathy alone, and thus darkness is interpreted as the shielding, love-inviting con-

<sup>67</sup> I, p. 131.

<sup>68</sup> II, p. 16.

<sup>69</sup> VII, p. 88.



fidante of man. Thus the love-stricken Spartakus seeks the company of night, and Publipor,<sup>70</sup> to whom darkness signifies only horror, is unable to account for the strange action of his friend:

Da flieht er des Lagers süßen Arm  
Und macht die Nacht zu seiner Brust Vertrauten.  
In ihren Purpurmantel eingehüllt  
Hört' ich ihn oftmals auf und nieder gehn,  
Zum grausen Dunkel seltsam schaurig sprechend.

The same contrast of *Stimmung* is shown by Bertha who speaks of *eine grause Nacht*,<sup>71</sup> and yet, in the very same scene,<sup>72</sup> wishes to confide the overwhelming happiness of her young love to clouds and winds, and to the silence of night. She actually carries out this project, and leaves the house: nature has now only sympathy, but no horror for her.

Also disappointment in love leads to an appeal to nature's sympathy. This appeal, however, is not, cannot always be granted, because of the character of the appeal itself. If the appeal is justified, nature does not refuse her aid: Sappho<sup>73</sup> thus finds the needed sympathy in the quiet solitude of the grotto, to which she retreats with the first stings of disappointment in her heart; but when mad jealousy wrests from her tortured breast an ardent appeal to nature's vengeance, she hopes for sympathy in vain:

Hernieder euren rächerischen Strahl,  
Hernieder auf den Scheitel der Verräter!  
Zermalmt sie, Götter, wie ihr mich zermalmt!  
Umsonst! Kein Blitz durchzuckt die stille Luft,  
Die Winde säuseln buhlerisch im Laube,  
Und auf den breiten Armen trägt die See  
Den Kahn der Liebe schaukelnd vom Gestade!  
Da ist nicht Hilfe!

Nature here fails to respond because, on one hand, she will not interfere with the freedom of love, and, on the other hand, because the guilt lies with Sappho herself rather than with Phaon and Melitta. Nature cannot grant any appeal which

<sup>70</sup> XI, p. 133.

<sup>72</sup> IV, p. 23.

<sup>71</sup> IV, p. 15.

<sup>73</sup> IV, p. 171.

would involve injustice or wrong. Neither Poseidon (water), nor the goddess of love (all nature) pay, therefore, any attention to Leander's prayer for protection,<sup>74</sup> while the paternal curse which is hurled at Medea comes to pass, letter by letter, with nature's assistance:

Dann wirst du stehen und die Hände ringen,  
 Sie hinüber breiten nach dem Vaterland,  
 Getrennt durch weite, brandende Meere,  
 Deren Wellen dir murmelnd bringen des Vaters Fluch!

Grillparzer's interpretation of nature is, then, not at all times the same. The constant influence of *Stimmung* upon the poet's viewpoint has been discussed elsewhere, but it becomes necessary to return to this matter here. It has just been shown that night (darkness), for example, is interpreted, on the one hand, as an inspiration of fear and horror, and, on the other hand, as a phenomenon capable of sympathy. At first glance, this seems contradictory. Apparent contradictions are not infrequent with Grillparzer (also his political views were attacked on this ground), and when we read so gloomy a passage as, for instance, in *Jugenderinnerungen im Grünen*:<sup>75</sup>

Doch sie (Natur), die oft geführt schon meine Sache,  
 Getröstet mich so oft und gern zuvor,  
 Verloren hatte sie für mich die Sprache,  
 Die Sprache, oder ich für sie das Ohr;

we need not wonder how it is possible for the same poet who interprets nature as the ideal of beauty, goodness and love, and who, having shown the sympathetic power of nature, appeals to this power, to record elsewhere the loss of this sympathetic influence. The explanation for this, as well as for all other passages which seem to contain contradictions, is given in the last line of the above quotation: nature can never lose her voice, but the poet had temporarily, under the influence of a pessimistic *Stimmung*, lost the ear. This is an absolutely natural and as easily intelligible occurrence as the lack of musical appreciation on the part of a husband who, at the open grave of his young wife, hears the strains of the

<sup>74</sup> VII, p. 80.

<sup>75</sup> I, p. 232.

Bridal March from *Lohengrin*, played at a wedding celebration in the neighborhood.

Of as great importance as Grillparzer's mystic and sympathetic interpretation of nature, is his extensive symbolism. His flower-symbolism is of special interest. Flowers, in general, mean love; they bloom in the fairest season of the year (spring itself is love personified), and they are bright because beauty and light form two inseparable ideas with Grillparzer. Thus, in the poem *Intermezzo*:<sup>76</sup>

Im holden Mond der Maien,  
Wenn *lichte* Blumen blühn,  
Geflügelte Schalmeien  
Die Waldesnacht durchziehn;  
Da hebt sich eine Scholle,  
Die Liebe lauscht hervor.

The same idea which shows that, to Grillparzer, all flowers represent love, is set forth also in the two following passages, the first of which (*Mit einem Blumenkörbchen*)<sup>77</sup>

Durch Blumen spricht das Herz aufs Beste,  
Denn, schweigend, reden sie doch laut;

characterizes flowers as messengers of love (indirect symbolism), while the second (*Sappho*)<sup>78</sup>

*Eucharis*: Ihr Mädchen, auf! Mehr Blumen bringt herbei!  
Zu ganzen Haufen Blumen. Schmückt das Haus,  
Und Hof und Halle, Säule, Tür und Schwelle,  
Ja, selbst die Blumenbeete schmückt mit Blumen!  
Tut Würze zum Gewürz, denn heute feiert  
Das Fest der Liebe die Gebieterin;

makes flowers appear as love itself (direct symbolism). Thus a gift of flowers is, likewise, with contrasting emphasis, shown to be a token of love, by Phaon:<sup>79</sup>

Gold schenkt die Eitelkeit, der rauhe Stolz;  
Die Freundschaft und die Liebe schenken Blumen.

It is of interest, in this connection, to note one passage in which Grillparzer reverses the symbol. If flowers were shown

<sup>76</sup> I, p. 223.

<sup>78</sup> IV, p. 158.

<sup>77</sup> II, p. 155.

<sup>79</sup> *Ibid.*



heretofore as love, love itself now appears as a flower. So in *Sappho*.<sup>80</sup>

Und findet er die Lieb', bückt er sich wohl,  
Das holde Blümchen von dem Grund zu lesen.

A number of flowers are used by Grillparzer individually; myrtle, violet, lily and rose are those with which we are most concerned. The myrtle's simplicity suggests purity and innocence of affection, and thus becomes the symbol of virginity upon the bridal brow; the gentle violet represents modest and quiet (secret) enjoyment of love; the lily appears as symbol of naiveté, and the rose, in particular, is made the flower of love par excellence. What we have to deal with here is apparently the effect of color, rather than anything else. Grillparzer's optic nerve is just as sensitive as his musical ear, and thus color does not only act upon his eye, but leads also to the formation of symbolic associations. The green of the myrtle, therefore, at once appears as fertility, and not as green alone; the color of the violet combines with its fragrance and leads to the above-mentioned symbolic interpretation; the spotless white of the lily reflects purity and innocence, and the glowing red of the rose expresses the supreme bliss of love. The color of the rose itself is not mentioned in this connection, but it must be inferred with certainty that these particular roses are red, rather than white, because the color *white* could not mean innocence, naiveté and consciously sexual love (cf. Phaon who hands Sappho a rose) at the same time; and furthermore, the following picture—if all white—would be absolutely dull, a defect from which Grillparzer's pictures are totally free.<sup>81</sup>

*Hero:* So lasst an unserm Ufer ihn begraben,  
Wo er erblich, wo er, ein Toter, lag,  
Am Fusse meines Turms. Und Rosen sollen  
Und weisse Lilien, vom Tau befeuchtet,  
Aufsprossen, wo er liegt.

Apart from Grillparzer's interpretation of all nature as love (which shows the poet as his best, and which is so important

<sup>80</sup> IV, p. 174.

<sup>81</sup> VII, p. 100.

as to make it necessary to discuss is separately), there remains to be mentioned here but one mystic-symbolic reference. It is contained in the poem *Zu Mozarts Feier*,<sup>82</sup> where the pure air of lofty mountain-tops, mingled with the fragrance of herbs and flowers, is called the breath of God. No matter which phase of Grillparzer's interpretation of nature one may investigate, there appears a conscious effort on the part of the poet to establish God and nature as one inseparable unity. We have had occasion to observe that the poet endows nature with consciousness, with a moral, economic, and logical character; elsewhere attention has been called to the voice of nature, and here we meet with nature's breath. In this way, we approach more and more the completion of Grillparzer's picture, which reveals the godhead as a visible, tangible personality in nature herself. Two more elements—beauty and love—are necessary to complete the idealization of Nature Divine. Attention will be given these elements presently, but even now the poet's lofty conception of nature is fairly established.

That Grillparzer is deeply impressed with nature's beauty is now, upon consideration of the various phases of his description and interpretation of nature, a mere matter of course; however, the appreciation of nature alone hardly entitles anyone to be named in the list of nature-poets. The beauty of nature leads further, with Grillparzer, than to mere appreciation; it enables him to actually know nature, and with this knowledge begins his idealistic interpretation which culminates in the conception of nature as ideal of beauty and love. Many passages quoted heretofore reveal individual characteristics of nature as beautiful and lofty, but there are three particular poems which furnish the best evidence for the conception of All-Nature as visible ideal of beauty: *Zwischen Gäta und Capua*,<sup>83</sup> *Mistress Shaw*,<sup>84</sup> and *Irenens Wiederkehr*.<sup>85</sup> The last of these will later be discussed at length, because it is of importance also for other reasons, so that a consideration of the first two may suffice here.

*Zwischen Gäta und Capua* represents, at the same time,

<sup>82</sup> II, p. 60.

<sup>84</sup> II, p. 46.

<sup>83</sup> I, p. 130.

<sup>85</sup> XI, p. 23 ff.

one of the finest landscapes the poet ever drew. The question may be raised here, why we seek Grillparzer's idealization of the beauty of nature in a *foreign* landscape, rather than in a home-painting in which, as we have seen, he makes so lavish a display of color. It should be observed, now, that this foreign landscape is in Italy, the country which nature endowed more richly perhaps than any other part of Europe. Italy thus afforded the poet a far better opportunity for expressing his ideal, than Austria, or even Germany by which he was but little attracted (cf. *Tagebücher*, XX, p. 27).

Here, between Gäta and Capua, the incomparable beauty of the country acts like an intoxicant upon the poet who barely knows in which direction to turn his eyes first. Gentle breezes are fanning his feverish brow, and he imagines to be in the realm of poetry. All colors seem more vivid to him; the sun shines brighter, the heavens are of a deeper blue, the green of the foliage appears fresher, and the fragrance of the flowers sweeter. Semi-tropical vegetation, to which he is not accustomed, does not fail to exert its powerful influence upon him: olive-tree and cypress suggest graceful women, and he is thrilled with pleasure upon discovering a golden pomegranate. "Apfel der Schönheit," he significantly calls it, while nature herself receives the cognomen *Paris* for giving this prize of beauty to charming Naples. The usefulness of the vine-plant is then with purpose introduced as incidental, while emphasis is placed upon its beauty. All these elements taken together lead to the exclamation:

Übrall Schönheit,  
Übrall Glanz!

Again light is used as a synonym of beauty, and all nature (it makes no difference that this is Italian nature in particular) appears as the sun from which all beauty emanates. Nature is everywhere the ideal of beauty; however, this beauty is not the same in all places; it is wisely and economically distributed, and may be registered upon a graduated scale. Hence the qualitative and quantitative difference in beauty between Austria and Italy, which Grillparzer expresses with the words:



Was bei uns schreitet,  
Schwebt hier im Tanz.

If the idealization of nature's beauty in *Zwischen Gäta und Capua* is due directly to the effect upon the visual sense, the other poem, *Mistress Shaw*, idealizes the cause by virtue of its effect upon the auditory sense. It is the musician, rather than the painter, who here interprets the voice of nature as a symphony of beauty. The poet lies on a soft couch of moss, by the side of a brook; above him, a "canopy of foliage" affords protection from the hot summer sun, and a beautiful carpet of grass, interwoven with flowers of brilliant gold, covers the stage of this theatre. Thus the poet shuts his eyelids, and suddenly he hears the voice of nature. The water has lips, and the trees have tongues. Music, such as he never heard before, sounds in the air: his ear turns soul.

Des Wassers Lippen und der Bäume Zungen  
Stimmt ein zum Ton berührter Phantasie,  
Halb an dem Ohr, halb in der Brust erklungen,  
Umkreist ein Strom mich leiser Harmonie.

The Platonic definition of beauty as *χαίρειν ἐν τῷ θεωρεῖσθαι* (*Gorgias*) is apparently incomplete, so far as Grillparzer is concerned, because he shows beauty, through the idealization of nature, to be of a twofold character, so that beauty does not only consist of *χαίρειν ἐν τῷ θεωρεῖσθαι* but also of *χαίρειν ἐν τῷ ἀκροᾶσθαι* which seems to be contained in Kant's definition:<sup>86</sup> *Das Schöne its das, was ohne Begriff, als Object eines allgemeinen Wohlgefallens vorgestellt wird.* For Grillparzer, nature is indeed the "object of universal pleasure"; so much so, in fact, that the grateful poet does not hesitate to see in nature the highest good:

Der Güter höchstes, was uns Gott gegeben,  
Was Himmelsfreuden in uns wiederklingt,  
Es ist das klare, heitre, warme Leben,  
Das durch das Auge ein zum Herzen dringt.

According to this passage, nature is the ideal representation of *τὸ καλόν* and as an ideal it is an end per se, rather than a

<sup>86</sup> *Kritik des Urtheils*. I, par. 6.

means to an end. However, is beauty alone the guiding star of human existence, and is the deification of nature justified upon the basis of beauty as the ultimate end of all striving? Beauty, to be sure, does not presuppose goodness, but must not τὸ καλόν be coupled with τὸ ἀγαθόν before man is able to worship all nature as God? Grillparzer is well aware of the requirements without which a pantheistic interpretation of nature would be irrational, and therefore impossible. We had occasion before, to point to the poet's interpretation of nature as moral ideal (pp. 54 ff.), but even in the just-quoted reference the element of goodness is not lacking. The qualifying adjectives *klar* and *heiter* refer to beauty, while *warm* (love, charity,) appears to be the missing link which establishes a *καλοκαγαθία*, in the Socratic sense of the word. This connects us directly with Grillparzer's interpretation of nature as the ideal of love, which is to be discussed in the following paragraphs.

It is with purpose that the consideration of Grillparzer's nature-love cult has been reserved until the last, because his nature-sense appears here most highly developed, and because here his lyric language less deserves the harsh criticism which has been passed upon it by a number of stern judges, and which is shared also by Richard M. Meyer,<sup>87</sup> who admits Grillparzer's *lyrische Stimmung von hinreissender Kraft*, while he denies his ability to produce *eigentliche Lyrik*.

It lies in the nature of the subject that the greatest part of the passages which concern us here are to be found in those of Grillparzer's dramatic works in which love is a prominent issue (*Blanka, Sappho, Hero*), and in the early fragments (*Spartakus, Psyche, Irenens Wiederkehr*), but it is hard to find any of our poet's works which do not contain some allusion to nature as the ideal of love. In all of these references the idea is essentially the same, but this idea is expressed in so many varied ways as to make a detailed consideration well worth while.

That light and love are identical, with Grillparzer, has been shown; however, the fundamental principle of this interpreta-

<sup>87</sup> *Die deutsche Literatur des 19ten Jahrhunderts*, I, p. 83.

tion may become more clear by calling attention to the words of Melusina,<sup>88</sup> who states directly that nature's beauty (visible by daylight) breathes love, while without love, all nature would be dark and gloomy:

Übrall Nacht ist ohne Liebe,  
Übrall Tag, wo Liebe lacht.

However, this does not mean that nature ceases to be love with the beginning of night (darkness), because Melusina continues:

Wenn die Sonne fern auch bliebe,  
Lieb' ist Mond in sel'ger Nacht.

We met with the same thought before when we pointed out that Bertha's horror of night vanishes, at the very moment when she is able to look upon nature with the eyes of love. Nature-love can be fully understood only by one who is himself under the influence of an altruistic emotion. All nature thus appears to Fedriko<sup>89</sup> in brighter colors and in fairer forms, when he finds Blanka alive whom he had never expected to see again; and with his appreciation of nature, made possible by love, there comes upon him the full realization of nature's supreme mission, viz., to destroy pessimism and melancholy, and to plant in the heart of man the seed of faith and hope. With more elaborate details, Grillparzer shows that love alone leads to an appreciation of nature, by pointing out, in the *Kloster bei Sendomir*,<sup>90</sup> that nature's language is intelligible only to him who loves: "As the warm hand touched his, a hitherto unknown sensation seized upon his heart. An oriental fairy-tale relates of one who was suddenly endowed with the gift to understand the language of the birds and of the other phenomena of nature, and who now, resting in the shade by the edge of a brook, perceived in glad astonishment word and meaning, everywhere about him, while, before, he heard only noise and sounds. The Count had this experience. A new world arose before him, and with faltering steps he followed his graceful guide who opened a small door and stepped with him into a low, dimly lighted chamber."

<sup>88</sup> VII, p. 230.

<sup>89</sup> X, p. 21.

<sup>90</sup> XIII, p. 200.



All nature sings songs of love, but the voice of nature is soft and low, perceptible only to the loving ear. So Spartakus:<sup>91</sup>

Indes die ganze Schöpfung Liebeslieder  
Mit leisem Ton zu unsern Herzen sang—

Love, the very essence of nature, raises man upon the highest plane of his development. Only in direct communication with nature, man may, therefore, become perfect; only under the influence of love is it possible for him to pay his great debt to his fellowmen, which consists in universal charity and altruistic usefulness.. The mature philosophy of the aged man in the fragment *Spartakus* may be inferred from his significant words of welcome addressed to his young friend:<sup>92</sup>

Du liebst! Du bist vollendet! Die Natur  
Hat dir ihr Siegel aufgedrückt. Du liebst!  
O, sei willkommen, Mensch, im Namen der Menschheit.

At times, nature's love-language is heard by some particularly attentive person, but, just as the rustling of the foliage and the murmuring of a brook present nothing but a meaningless noise-riddle to him who is not bound to nature by the ties of love, he fails to grasp the sweet enticing accents of this inimitable speech. This is the case with the watchman who guards Hero's dwelling and Aphrodite's sacred grove against intruders. In reporting his suspicion to his master, the morning after Leander's secret visit, he describes in vivid language the very love notes of nature, however without any understanding:<sup>93</sup>

Und oben war's so laut, und doch so heimlich,  
Ein Flüstern und ein Rauschen hier und dort.  
Die ganze Gegend schien erwacht, bewegt;  
Im dichtsten Laub ein sonderbares Regen,  
Wie Windeswehn, und wehte doch kein Wind;  
Und was getönt und wiederklang, war *nichts*.  
Das Meer stieg rauschend höher an die Ufer,  
Ein halb enthüllt Geheimnis schien die Nacht.  
Und dieser Turm war all des dumpfen Treibens  
Und leisen Regens Mittelpunkt und Ziel.

<sup>91</sup> XI, p. 152.

<sup>92</sup> XI, p. 142.

<sup>93</sup> VII, p. 64.

Wohl zwanzigmal eilt' ich an seinen Fuss,  
 Nun meinend jetzt das Rätsel zu enthüllen,  
 Und sah hinan, nichts schaut' ich als das Licht,  
 Das fort und fort aus Heros Fenster schien.  
 Ein einzig mal lief wie ein Mannesschatten  
 Vom Meeresufer nach dem Turme zu.  
 Ich folg', und angelangt, war wieder nichts,  
 Nur Rauschen rings und Regen, wie zuvor.

How different from this is Phaon's language, when he encourages his timid sweetheart by calling her attention to the sympathy which nature expresses, as the protecting power of love:<sup>94</sup>

Fort! Die Sterne blinken freundlich,  
 Die See rauscht auf, die lauen Lüfte wehn,  
 Und Amphritrite ist der Liebe hold.

As our appreciation of nature matures upon regarding her as the ideal of love, which, however, we are able to do only when we ourselves understand the meaning of love from our own experience, it is natural that that part of nature, that part of the world in which this experience came to us, is endowed, in our imagination, with particular beauty and special attraction. Therefore, if circumstances have separated us from that particular place, it remains in our hearts as the object of our perpetual longing. This longing fills the mourning soul of the unfortunate Blanka, who, bound in marriage to a monster she cannot respect, has but one desire: to see, once more before her death, the happy land where she was first initiated into the mysteries of nature and of love. Like a Mignon-song sound the passionate accents of Blanka's agony:<sup>95</sup>

Dahin lass mich ziehn,  
 Diesem Kerker entfliehn,  
 Die seligen Auen  
 Noch einmal schauen,  
 In deren Schoss  
 Mein junges Herz  
 Der Liebe Schmerz,  
 Der Liebe Wonne  
 Entzückt genoss;

<sup>94</sup> IV, p. 202.

<sup>95</sup> X, pp. 29, 30.

Mich schaun die Sonne,  
 Die mich bestrahlte,  
 Als Himmelslust  
 An seiner Brust  
 Mit Purpur meine Wangen malte;  
 Mich sehn das Land,  
 Wo an der Hand  
 Ich der Natur  
 Zuerst erfuhr,  
 Wie Lieb' beglückt,  
 Wie sie betrügt!  
 Dahin lass mich fliehn;  
 In seinen stillen Gründen  
 Ein Grab mich finden!

In conceiving nature as the ideal of love, the picture of our own individual ideal—our own Beloved—must be reflected in this mirror of beauty and purity. It is quite intelligible, therefore, that Grillparzer devotes particular attention to this requirement. According to Spartakus' own statement,<sup>96</sup> all nature—the track of love—reveals characteristics of his Beloved. Every breath of air, every living creature, every sprout of green, and every brook remind him of his love, and from the very lips of nature comes his sweetheart's name. More beautiful even than this statement, and still more explicit, is Spartakus' analysis of the significance of nature's voice at night. The fear-inspiring element of darkness here disappears altogether, and night is associated only with the ideas of stillness and rest, which enable nature to deliver her message of love. This is a psychic, rather than a physical message, and its delivery is therefore more certain at that time when the body is in the subconscious state of sleep which bares the soul to nature's influence. The entire passage<sup>97</sup> is one of those which show how much Grillparzer was influenced by romanticism:

Wenn die Sonne hinab ist,  
 Und die feuchte Nacht niedersteigt,  
 Und die Vögel schlafen,  
 Und die Menschen ruhn,  
 Und alles Lebendige schweigt,

<sup>96</sup> XI, p. 139.

<sup>97</sup> XI, p. 141.



Müde des Körpers Ohr sich schliesst;  
 Da erklingen leise Stimmen,  
 Und des Geistes Ohr  
 Tut sich ahndend, sehnend auf.  
 Was ihr sprachlos nennt, gewinnt Rede,  
 Und der Hain spricht,  
 Und die Wolken,  
 Die zitternden Sterne,  
 Des Mondes wehmütiger Schein.  
 Und von *ihr* lispelt der Wald,  
 Von *ihr* murmelt der Bach,  
 Sie spricht durch die leisen Klänge,  
 Die auf goldenen Flügeln  
 Durch den Äther säuseln,  
 Und sie und überall sie,  
 Durch die ganze Schöpfung nur sie!

It should be observed that Grillparzer enlivens the reflection of the Loved One in nature, by appealing to the ear, as well as to the eye. Nature thus reveals no mere spectres of love that pass by us like lantern views, but love is endowed with flesh and blood and language, a real actor upon the stage of life. Overwhelming, at first, seems the consciousness that nature is love. So with Bertha:<sup>98</sup>

Ich kann's nicht fassen,  
 Mich selber nicht fassen;  
 Alles zeigt mir und spricht mir nur ihn . . .

On the other hand, nature brings clearness in matters of affection. Phaon thus learns,<sup>99</sup> through intimate communication with nature, that he loves Melitta, while the feeling kindled within him by Sappho's art is admiration and reverence.

The fairest note in Grillparzer's treatment of nature as love is struck by Blanka,<sup>100</sup> for whom the very appreciation of nature is a matter of altruism. She, too, like Bertha, Spartakus and Phaon, sees in nature the reflection of her Beloved, but she goes further than that when she emphasizes that that (love) is all the meaning nature has for her, and that she is charmed by nature only because nature attracts Fedriko's heart. An enjoyment of nature without love—or without the

<sup>98</sup> IV, p. 23.

<sup>99</sup> IV, p. 146.

<sup>100</sup> X, p. 38.

Loved One—is impossible: the death of love means the death of nature; not for all (because nature is immortal), but for the particular unfortunate individual. Without love, without nature, life is not worth living, and should the shock of the loss itself not be sufficient to kill—the soul is dead, and the body is a living corpse. This is the truth which lies in Hero's lamenting words:<sup>101</sup>

Sag: er war alles! Was noch übrig blieb,  
Es sind nur Schatten; es zerfällt, ein Nichts.  
Sein Atem war die Luft, sein Aug die Sonne,  
Sein Leib die Kraft der sprossenden Natur;  
Sein Leben war das Leben; deines, meins,  
Des Weltalls Leben. Als wir's liessen sterben,  
Da starben wir mit ihm. Komm, lass'ger Freund,  
Komm, lass uns gehn mit unsrer eignen Leiche.

We turn now to the discussion of *Irenens Wiederkehr* which is not only of importance for Grillparzer's interpretation of nature as ideal of beauty and love, but which contains, crowded together into the close space of ten pages, almost all the characteristics of the poet's conception of nature to which attention has been called in the preceding pages. The poet himself calls *Irenens Wiederkehr* *Ein poetisches Gemälde*; in reality, it is not one painting, but a succession of paintings, all of which have the same *sujet*, nature, but each of which shows a modification of the color-scheme, *i. e.*, each of these paintings represents the individual point of view held by the different characters—wanderer, peasant, youth and maiden. There is no actual exchange of opinion, because there is no dialogue; but a well-connected series of monologues make it possible to look upon the aggregate of pictures as a sort of evolution of nature-interpretation.

The first picture is drawn by the wanderer, the oldest of the characters introduced. He describes and interprets the magnificent spectacle of sunrise. All nature is endowed with consciousness, and there is universal rejoicing over the advent of light. The ever-varied beauty of nature causes a "current of pleasurable sensations," but beauty alone is not sufficient to

<sup>101</sup> VII, p. 96.

bind permanently the human heart, and love is necessary to make a close communion between nature and man possible. It is with significant purpose, therefore, that the wanderer refers to nature as "Das liebende All." Coupled with beauty and love are rest and peace, two essential requirements for a happy old-age. In spite of his years, the wanderer displays youthful enthusiasm, but if the enthusiasm of youth is based upon hope, *his* is based upon conviction, the result of experience. The experimental stage of the wanderer's life lies far behind him, and his thorough comprehension of the actual significance of nature enables him to feel as an inseparable part of the whole: his relation to nature is that of creature to creator, of man to God. And God-Nature is not a God of wrath, but of love, who never fails to show sympathy for the sufferings of man.

The very appearance of the youth, who sketches the second picture, points to his interpretation of nature. Quiver and spear are the attributes which he carries: he goes out to hunt in the wilderness of the forest, his aim, as we shall see, being freedom and pleasure. His ruthless energy causes him to be dissatisfied with the narrow boundaries of domestic life, and the peaceful performance of manual labor lies as heavily upon him as prison chains. He yearns to breathe the free air of the mountains, and his adventurous disposition inflames his imagination with pictures of game, pursued by the daring hunter upon precipitous paths. The youth seeks pleasure in nature, rather than nature herself:

An der Hand der Natur  
Folgt er der Freude Spur;

and thus, with him, nature is an object, rather than an end. His conception of nature is just as erroneous as the attitude of hedonistic philosophy toward life. On the other hand, the youth has heard the voice of nature in solitude, of which he is fond, like all youthful dreamers who have visions of future greatness and fame. His impressionable heart is full of ideals, and sunrise inspires him to deeds of unheard of bravery. But, after all, he does not understand the language of the universe, he has only an intimation of nature's true function, while the wanderer has knowledge. The blame rests with his youth,



with his immaturity which makes him the sport of his impulses. The following words of the wanderer may be taken as an apologetic characterization of the youth:

Rasch stürmt der Jüngling durch das Leben,  
Verzehrend lodert seine Glut,  
Nach Taten geht sein sehnend Streben,  
Das All umspannt sein kecker Mut;  
Verachtend sieht er auf den Wert des Kleinen;  
Was ihm gefällt, muss ungeheuer scheinen.

These words are then followed by a consideration of the consequences which youthful impulsiveness may have, and the horrors of war are depicted in vivid colors. Here lies the great contrast in the interpretation of nature given by wanderer and youth: while the wanderer reads in the pages of the great Book of Nature a message of peace and of universal love, the youth interprets the freedom of nature as an inspiration to obtain freedom for himself at any cost—if need be, with the aid of the sword.

The peasant who now appears behind the plough at once expresses his appreciation of nature by singing a hymn in praise of the sun. But, although his warm words of gratitude for nature's blessings seem to indicate a more advanced stage of interpretation than that occupied by the youth, it is very evident that even by him beauty is not worshipped for beauty's sake alone, inasmuch as he emphasizes particularly the element of *usefulness* as the actual source of his appreciation and gratitude.

Hehr am hohen Himmelszelt  
Flammt dein Lauf  
Und erhält  
Saat und Feld,  
Die durch dich beglückte Welt  
Sieht mit Dank zu dir hinauf!

As a peasant, he depends, of course, largely upon nature for his livelihood, and we cannot be astonished, therefore, that he regards nature but as a means to the end. Grillparzer, it seems, has chosen with purpose the character of a peasant for an illustration of utilitarian interpretation of nature. More-

over, it is not without significance that this peasant is a middle-aged man: his interpretation of nature thus appears semi-mature, and he takes his place between the two extremes represented by wanderer and youth. We are informed that the peasant is a married man, and that the physical welfare of his wife and children depends upon the results of his labor which, in turn, depend upon nature. This point is to be taken into consideration in addition to the peasant's age, if we wish to compare his relation to nature with that of the youth. The weight of responsibility affects the formation of character, and the particular responsibility resting upon husband and father tends to break down the altar of selfishness upon which the young man sacrifices. While the youth's interpretation of nature is obviously hedonistic, the peasant stands on a considerably higher plane: he sees in nature the welcome helpmeet in his efforts for those he loves. This follows from his appeal to nature's sympathy:

Verdopple dein Feuer, flammende Sonne,  
Glühende Lüfte, weht glühender fort!

Kühlung hauch zu mir das süsse Wort:

Alle Müh

Für sie, für sie!

Mag meinen Schweiss die Erde trinken,

Das Bild der Teuren lässt mich nicht sinken!

The entire attitude of the peasant is then commented upon by the wanderer who defines the contrast between him and the youth: the youth destroys, while the peasant constructs; the youth misinterprets, while the peasant *begins* to interpret nature. The picture which the wanderer here unfolds represents the bourgeois in his happy home, and the interpretation of nature of this bourgeois is that of the average man.

A maiden, who has "sixteen times beheld the apple-tree in bloom," is introduced in the next-following picture. She shows as yet no interpretation of nature at all; or, if the fact that the beauty of spring no longer thrills her heart as before, and that she is unable to take part in nature's universal rejoicing, is to be called interpretation of nature, it is certainly subconscious. She knows as little of the significance of nature as

she is able to account for the change which has come over her. The wanderer becomes her teacher. It is he who, hidden behind a rock, comforts the distracted child by showing her the cause of her sentimental malady, and who thus arouses her slumbering virginity to consciousness. His mature appreciation of nature appears again in the method which he pursues. A spark from nature's divinity has fallen into the heart of the girl, and before the wanderer is able to explain to the bewildered maiden the meaning of her experience, he turns to the cause, to the origin itself, and lends expression to his lofty conception of nature:

Es steigt ein Gott von Himmel nieder,  
 Die Schöpfung ist ihm untertan,  
 Es tönen *ihm* der Vögel Lieder,  
*Ihm* flammt die Sonn' auf lichter Bahn!  
 Die Erde fühlet seine Triebe;  
 Als kräft'ge Pflanze reisst sich los,  
 Was einst in ihrem kalten Schoss  
 Verhüllt sich barg als schwacher Same.  
 Liebe,  
 Liebe!  
 Ist des Belebbers süsster Name!

The impression made upon the young girl then assumes a visible form with the sudden appearance of the youth she loves, upon the height of the rock. It is then that she comes to the full realization of what is taking place within her heart; she flees, to conceal her blushing cheeks, and we lose sight of her. We are not told where she is going, but there can be no doubt, that her aim is solitary communion with nature which, as ideal of love, will henceforth be her haven of rest and refuge, and which alone can give her instruction in the performance of woman's sublime and altruistic mission—motherhood!

After the maiden's escape, the wanderer, in the form of an epilogue points out the differences in the character of man and woman, and he shows that these differences are so distributed as to supplement rather than to counteract each other. Importance must be attached also to this statement, because



by showing that man and woman together form one unit, the wanderer establishes the symmetry of nature as part of her ideal beauty.

Who, now, is this mysterious wanderer who, from "jenseits von Gut und Böse," as it were, passes judgment upon the various kinds of interpretation of nature shown by youth, peasant and maiden, and who sets forth his own lofty ideas with such overwhelming force? It can be no one else than Grillparzer himself, to whom nature means so much, and who desires to impress others with the purified truth which he believes to have in his possession. We have had occasion to hear the "wanderer's" voice in numerous other passages, but in *Irenens Wiederkehr* it is not only most eloquent, but also expresses the thought in its most complete form, and thus solidifies the basis of the poet's pantheistic interpretation of nature.

## CONCLUSION

Grillparzer's nature-poetry is not so much an original conception of nature as an original expression of modern interpretation. We have had occasion to study the poet's careful treatment of the seasons of the year, and we have noted his preference for the two extremes Spring and Winter. Our attention has been directed upon his exceedingly sensitive disposition toward light and darkness, as well as upon his appreciation of water, thunder, rain and storm, while we were able to admire his many-colored landscapes, and to infer his love for nature from his readiness to make use of her in metaphors. On the other hand, we are now acquainted with the particular characteristics which Grillparzer ascribes to nature; with his treatment of solitude and mysticism; with his appeals to nature's sympathy; with his symbolic interpretation of nature, and, finally, with his analysis of cosmic metaphysics. Grillparzer, as a poet of nature, reveals the influence exerted upon him especially by the romantic reaction,<sup>1</sup> but he is more closely related to Byron than to Tieck or Novalis. That he could not, without Goethe, have given expression to a pantheistic conception of nature, or, without the influence of the Greeks and of Rousseau, to a perpetual longing for the balm of solitude, goes without saying. While he, then, like any modern poet, derived the essence of his interpretation of nature from traditional standards, his inborn love for nature and the individuality of his expression must be taken into consideration.

The key to Grillparzer's nature-poetry may be found in his aesthetic principles. In his *Autobiography*<sup>2</sup> he refers to nature as the "real source of the true poet," and in his studies *Zur Poesie im Allgemeinen*<sup>3</sup> he says emphatically: "That which attains the vivacity of nature and yet, by virtue of the concomitant ideas, goes beyond nature, *that, and only that is*

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* above, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> XIX, p. 186.

<sup>3</sup> XV, p. 55.

poetry." However, Grillparzer's art does not consist of a mere imitation of nature, for he admits the truth of a passage in *Revue des Deux Mondes*,<sup>4</sup> where art is defined as the interpretation of nature. "Nor is art," he says elsewhere,<sup>5</sup> "an embellishment of nature, for who could render individual traits of nature more beautiful than they are? Compare a painted tree with life, the description of a landscape with reality, the Venus of Medici with your sweetheart!"—Another statement made by the poet himself, in the evening of his life (1864), is of special interest for the characterization of his nature-poetry:<sup>6</sup> "The Brothers Schlegel have cast the shibboleth into the world, that ancient poetry is objective, while modern poetry is subjective. That sort of poetry which is not subjective is, in my opinion, no poetry at all." The pronounced subjectivity which appears in Grillparzer's description and interpretation of nature often reminds one of Geo. Brandes'<sup>7</sup> definition of Lord Byron's true greatness: namely, the passionate manifestation of subjectivity and individualism.

It is far from me to attempt to lift Grillparzer's lyric poetry to the height of Lord Byron or to that of Goethe. As a dramatic poet, Grillparzer shows many points of contact with Goethe, as Waniek has shown in his pamphlet *Grillparzer unter Goethes Einfluss*, Bielitz, 1893, and also in his interpretation of nature we meet with kindred thoughts (cf. for example the following passage from the *Ahnfrau*: *Und mit tausend Flammenaugen starrt die Nacht nich glotzend an* with Goethe's *Finstermis, die aus dem Gesträuche mit hundert schwarzen Augen sieht*), although Goethe's wonderful lyric language has not been duplicated.

As for Lord Byron, Grillparzer himself felt that there was an apparent relation between them, and, in various passages, in his Diaries, he draws comparisons between the British poet and himself. Both poets were also of kindred temperament, and their various sad experiences, which ultimately led them to a solitary life, would tend to show points of biographical similarity.

<sup>4</sup> *Ästhetische Studien*, XV, p. 26. <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 25.

<sup>6</sup> *Tagebücher*, II, p. 141.

<sup>7</sup> *Der Naturalismus in England*, p. 303.



To establish the position of Grillparzer, as a poet of nature, between Goethe and Lord Byron, would require another bulky treatise in which Grillparzer's nature-poetry should be studied from a comparative point of view. The present investigation is confined to the discussion of Grillparzer's individual treatment of nature, and the poet's apparent kinship to the foremost representatives of lyric poetry in Germany and England must be regarded as a mere suggestion to some other student.

Whatever has been, and may still be said in criticism of Grillparzer's lyric vein, it is earnestly hoped that these pages may have prepared the way for a more serious consideration of his genius and of his actual achievements in the field of lyrics. Above all, let us not forget that Grillparzer at all times painted what he saw as he saw it. The truthfulness of his character which his biographers laud is reflected also in his poetry, and in his poetry of nature in particular. Gustav Pollak<sup>8</sup> sums up this thought as follows: "Grillparzer's lyric vein which lends to his dramas so unique a charm, found expression in numerous poems which are a remarkably faithful reflex of his inner life. No writer ever followed more scrupulously Goethe's example in seeking inspiration in the reality of his experiences." In addition to this comes the poet's consciousness that he possessed the true original. The following poem, in which Grillparzer apparently pokes fun at the copyists of past and present, contains a significant self-praise which, however, we must accept as justified and true:

Das Urbild und die Abbilder.

(An eine Nicht-Dichterin)

Kunstbeflissen und unverzagt,  
 Feder und Farben und Stift in den Taschen,  
 Ziehen sie aus in wilder Jagd,  
 Unschuld und Reiz und Natur zu erhaschen.  
 Was er erhascht und was er erringt,  
 Jeder fein fleissig zu Buche bringt,  
 Um in des Winters Frieren und Härmen  
 Sich an dem köstlichen Labsal zu wärmen.  
 Wie? und nur du mehrst nicht ihre Zahl?  
 Schättest du nicht, wonach jene geizen?

<sup>8</sup> *Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama*, p. 401.

Kann dich Natur und Unschuld nicht reizen?  
Oder wär's hier wie im Bildersaal?  
Alles rennt dort und hascht nach Kopieen;  
Einer nur will sich nicht viel bemühen—  
"Trägt er im Busen ein Herz von Stahl?"  
Nein—er besitzt das Original!

. . . . .

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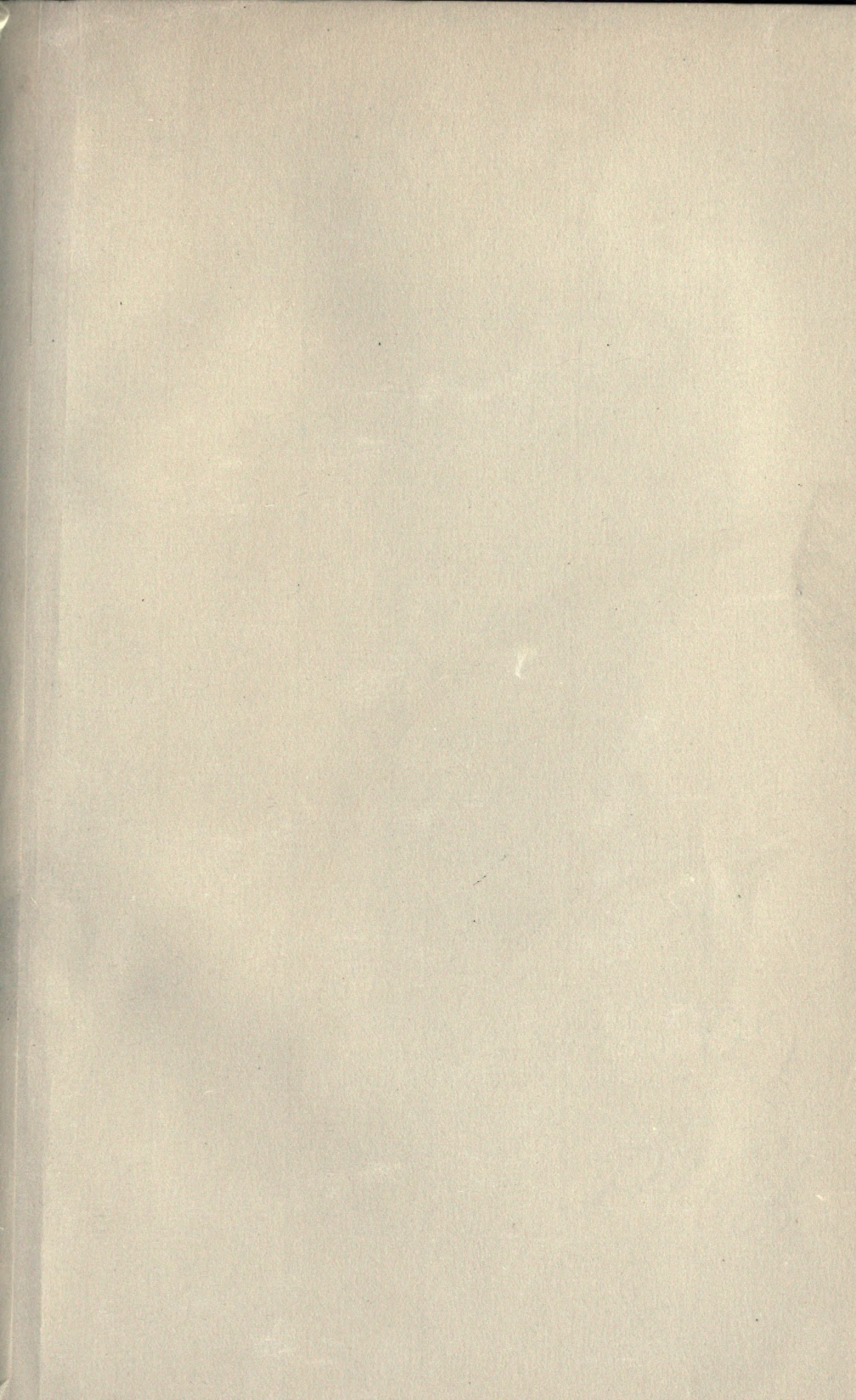
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## VITA

The author of the foregoing study was born in Berlin, Germany, on October 27, 1882. In 1891, he entered the *Sexta* of the *Gymnasium zum heiligen Kreuz* in Dresden, changing from this institution to the *Wettiner Gymnasium* in 1897. After three more years of successful work, the author came to America and attended the University of Rochester from which he was graduated with the A.B. degree in 1903. The Summer Semester of 1901 was spent at the University of Paris, that of 1902 at the University of Florence, Italy. Shortly after graduating from college, he accepted a call to the chair of Modern Languages in the University of Arizona, which he gave up in 1904, in order to fill an instructorship in the same field at the Washington State College. In the Winter of 1907, the aforesaid entered Columbia University as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During the three years of his residence at Columbia University, he attended lectures given by Professors Calvin Thomas, William H. Carpenter, Remy, Hervey, Todd and Loiseaux, to all of whom, but especially to Professor Calvin Thomas, his sincere gratitude is due. In the academic year 1907-08, the author was President's Scholar in Germanic Languages, and, in 1908-09, Alternate Fellow in the same department at Columbia University. Since 1908, the author has been a member of the Department of the German Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York. He is also a member of the Washington State Philological Society.











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